JOHN BULL, OCTOBER 13, 1923. *Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.* Postage in U.K or Abroad, 1d.

JOHN BULL

Vol. XXXIV. No. 902. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1923. TWOPENCE.

DRINK AND ENJOY LIPTON'S TEA

THE LARGEST NET SALES OF ANY 2d. WEEKLY PERIODICAL IN THE WORLD

Biggest "BULLETS" OFFER Ever Made!

Essential in Every Home

Beecham's Pills have been acclaimed the most useful of all Family Remedies. They have proved so uniformly successful and popular that they have been happily referred to as

The Medicine Chest in a Pill Box.

They enable you to deal safely and effectively with most stomach complaints—Indigeston, Acidity, Heartburn, Flatulence, Dyspepsia and Loss of Appetite—Biliousness, Congestion, Constipation and other Bowel disorders. They are an excellent tonic and a dose or two will dispel the "run-down" feeling and promote better health and brighter spirits.

In view of the general usefulness and great efficacy of this famous family remedy you should always keep a box in the home.

Beecham's Pills

JOHN BULL'S

Great Offer

CLOSES

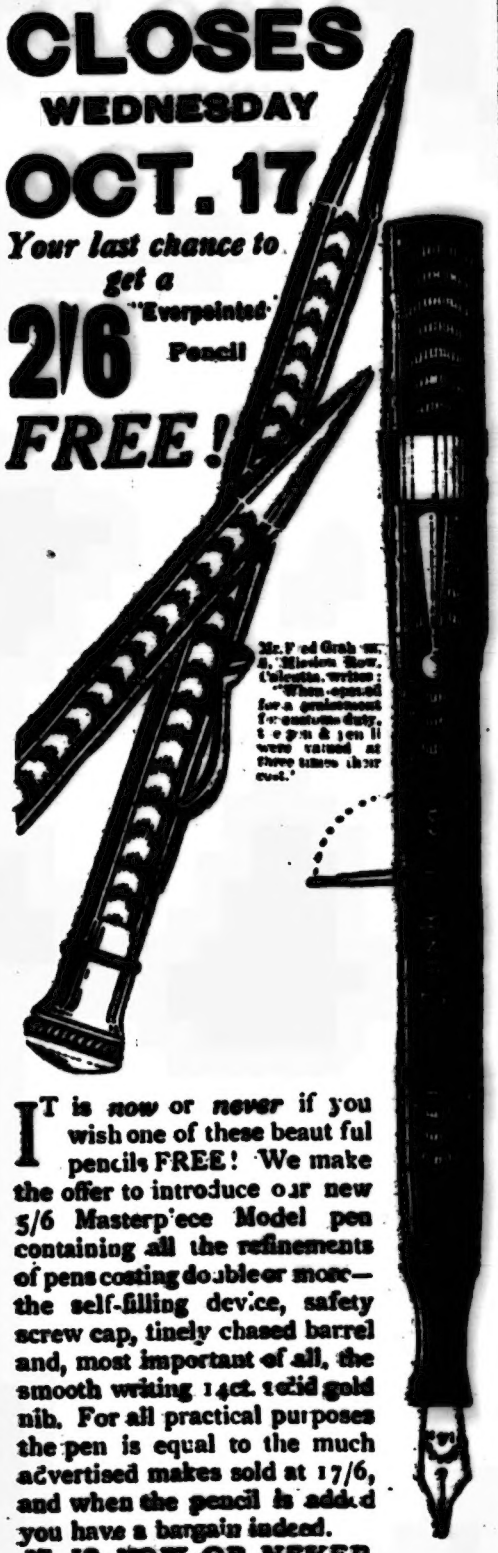
WEDNESDAY

OCT. 17

Your last chance to get a

2/6 "Everpointed" Pencil

FREE!



IT is *now* or *never* if you wish one of these beaut ful pencils FREE! We make the offer to introduce our new 5/6 Masterpiece Model pen containing all the refinements of pens costing double or more—the self-filling device, safety screw cap, tinely chased barrel and, most important of all, the smooth writing 14ct. solid gold nib. For all practical purposes the pen is equal to the much advertised makes sold at 17/6, and when the pencil is added you have a bargain indeed.

IT IS NOW OR NEVER.

SEND NO MONEY!

Not available after Oct. 17. "JOHN BULL" PEN DEPT., Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Send me your new model 5/6 "John Bull" Self-Filling Pen complete with clip, on 3 days' trial. If I decide to keep it, I will remit P.O. for 5/6 (postage free) and accept the 2/6 "Everpointed" Pencil as a free gift. If I decide not to keep it, I will return the Pen, with the Pencil, in new condition within 3 days from receipt.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

State if hand, medium or fine nib required. Should you desire to forward remittance with this application, cross P.O. "& Co.," and make payable to "JOHN BULL."

J.B. 13.10.23. Date.....

Slip on the Stairs

Causes Reader's Tragic Death

JOHN BULL pays £250 Death Benefit

"SHE slipped on the stairs and plunged to her death.' Those few words sum up a tragedy, swift as the lightning flash in its suddenness. Mrs. Mary Richards, in the course of her usual domestic duties, was ascending the stairs. Suddenly she slipped—there was a wild effort to save herself—the next moment she lay a crumpled heap at the bottom—dead! A cheque for £250 has been forwarded to Mr. R. Richards, 14, Rock Terrace, New Brancepeth Colliery, Co. Durham, in respect of his wife's untimely death.

JOHN BULL cannot assuage the grief that has torn the hearts of the stricken household, but the substantial sum will prove a godsend when the practical realities that death brings in its train have to be faced.

Accidents—Fire—Sickness—they all come when least expected. It is far better to sign the forms to-day than regret to-morrow. Hundreds more readers benefit this week. Lack of space permits the publishing of only a few of the names.

FIRE up to £400

STEPNEY.—L. COHEN, 69, Ben Johnson Rd.
STOKE, DEVONPORT.—Mrs. H. DOWLING, 10, Home Park.
NETHERTON, Nr. DUDLEY.—J. PRIEST, 5, Duffers Row, Derby End.
WICKHAM, HANTS.—Mrs. F. REEVES, Red Hill.
MARYHILL, GLASGOW.—F. J. McKECHNIE 4, Craigmont Street.
STAPLEFORD, NOTTS.—W. G. BENTON, 14, Derby Road.
NEWPORT, MON.—Mrs. FOLEY, 39, Granville Street.
CARRONSHORE, FALKIRK.—D. WOTHERSPOON, 22, Rothy Row.
HAYWOOD, LANARKSHIRE.—T. HALL, Leam Street.
BIRMINGHAM.—Mrs. GOODCHILD, 7-17, Leach Street.
NEW ELTHAM, S.E.9.—S. BOWMAN, 304, Southwood Road.
LONGSIGHT, OLDHAM.—Mrs. RAVE, 17, Boundary Street.
NEWPORT, MON.—Mrs. S. GRIFFITHS, 34, Aneurin Street.
SMETHWICK, BIRMINGHAM.—T. CARTWRIGHT, 16, Cutler Street.

STORM up to £300

HEBBURN-ON-TYNE.—J. BURT, 51, Cuthbert Street.
CATFORD, S.E.6.—A. C. ROBERTSON, 66, Ravensbourne.
PITSMOOR, SHEFFIELD.—Mrs. S. A. WHITHAM, 7 Ct. 1, House, Fowler Street.
CLAYTON, MANCHESTER.—A. E. HEATON, 52, Bank Street.
CHARLESWORTH, Nr. MANCHESTER.—H. MOSELEY, 22, New York.
FOREST GATE, E.—Mrs. SALTER, 129, Station Road.

Sickness Benefits £5 5s.

—for total disablement by illness consequent upon Diphtheria, Measles, Smallpox, Typhoid Fever, Typhus Fever, Cerebro-spinal Fever (or "Spotted Fever"), Anthrax, and Tetanus (or Lockjaw).

SHEFFIELD.—Mrs. B. MARSHALL, 7, Brook Street.
MASBRO, ROTHERHAM, YORKS.—Mrs. D. LOWNDS, 15, West Street.
KENTISH TOWN, N.W.—Mrs. E. MARSHALL, 129, Weslington Road.
ATTLEBOROUGH.—A. JACQUES, 5a, Kem Street.
TAMWORTH, STAFFS.—A. HEYWOOD, 101, Lichfield Street.
NEWPORT, MON.—W. PARTRIDGE, 36, The Woodlands, Upper Cwmbran.
BROTTON, YORKS.—W. E. HERRIES, 18, Errington Street.

Accident Benefits £3 per week.

KIRKCALDY.—Mrs. A. CAMPBELL, 19, W. Hayrk Street.
ELSWICK, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.—Mrs. M. CRAMER, 32, Aneurin Street.
SANDBACK, CHESHIRE.—Mrs. A. CHALLINOR, 50, The Heath.
CAERPHILLY.—Mrs. M. HILL, 4, Goodrich Avenue.
NETHERTON, WISHAW, N.B.—Mrs. E. BALLANTYNE, 42, Clydesdale Row.

NEWSAGENTS' BONUS: Bonuses in respect of the above benefits have been paid to the Newsagents concerned.

206 Benefits paid this week—Total now 9171

The simple act of filling up these forms ONCE fully qualifies the reader for the benefits offered and continues to do so as long as this Insurance Gift and the order to the Newsagent remain in force. There is no need to fill in the forms again except in case of change of address or change of newsagent.

CUT HERE

J.B. 13.10.23

POST THIS COUPON TO "JOHN BULL."

To "John Bull" Registration Department, Long Acre, London, W.C.2
I have sent an order form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of "John Bull." Please register me as a regular reader.

Reader's Signature .....

Address .....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.....

.....

Date ....

Use ½d. Stamp. Don't send envelope. A certificate verifying registration will be sent upon receipt of a stamped addressed envelope bearing ½d. stamp.

CUT HERE

J.B. 13.10.23. PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY

HAND THIS COUPON TO YOUR NEWSAGENT.

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address.....

Date..... .....

SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

MONEY-MAKING Bargains for Shopkeepers and beginners. — Bell manufacturers' clearing lines and travellers' samples in General Drapery much below ordinary price. Big profit certain. Wholesale Catalogue free. — Woltmon's Warehouse, 46, Thomas Street, Manchester.

A £5/- Capital and your living guaranteed. —Write now for free guide of Drapery, Boots, etc.—H. Marks, 51, Houndsditch, London E.C.

A.B.C. Guide to Remnant and Drapery trade. How to start. Useful hints. Worth pounds. Post free. Write to-day—Cochrane's Warehouse, 6, Victoria Bridge, Manchester.

DRAPERY Remnants, Cut Lengths (wholesale only); list free.—H. H. Clegg (Dept. J.B.), 99, High Street, Manchester.

DRAPERS, Market Men and Beginners. A postcard will bring you our free list of Remnants and Drapery.—Levy's, Ltd., 30a, Commercial Road, London, E.

CRYING DOLLS with real eyelashes. Beautiful Model Dressed Dolls that go to sleep. Character and undressed dolls. Wonderful value and variety. For £5 we will send you the best sample range it is possible for any expert to select at nearly pre-war prices. Carriage paid and case free. Will show you 50 per cent. profit.—Edward Jones, 5, Briggate, Leeds.

GAS Mantles at nearly pre-war prices. All guaranteed perfect. Upright or inverted. Sample dozens sent on receipt of 3/-. Special prices for quantities.—Edward Jones, 5, Briggate, Leeds. Price list of other goods on application.

AGENTS WANTED.

£10 PER MONTH
CAN BE ADDED TO YOUR EARNINGS by selling in spare time Men's and Women's Boots and Shoes, Men's and Women's Clothing, Drapery, Furniture, Bedsteads, Lino, Carpets, Sewing Machines, Baby Carriages, Wringers, Bicycles, China Ware, Watches, Clocks, Jewellery, etc. Grand value. Cash or easy terms. Highest commission. Liberal supply of samples. Men in regular work apply for Illustrated Catalogue and Particulars to FREEMANS, Contractors to H.M. Government, 103 to 107, Lavender Hill, London.

AMBITIOUS AGENTS write for details of finest Agency known. No outlay. A money spinner.—Art Publishing Co., Desk B., Preston.

AGENCY (Spare time) offered to energetic and reliable men, regularly employed, to sell Drapery, Clothing, Boots, etc. Liberal commission. Cash or Easy Payments.—(Dept. J.), Ashby, 30, Friar Lane, Leicester.

AGENTS, AWAKE!—New idea, new field, new article for every home, every office, every shop. Success guaranteed. Send 1/6 for samples.—Raclon Co., 116, Great Portland Street, London, W.1.

AGENTS WANTED.—Enormous success of all Agents for "Imperial Art" Series Xmas Cards, Trade and Personal Calendars, Loose Cards, Wallets, etc. Alluring Sample Album free. Highest commission. No outlay.—Write, Keene & Co., Publishers, Dept. "B.," Hull.

SITUATIONS VACANT.

THE ROYAL AIR FORCE requires Carpenters, Clerks, Electricians, Fitters General, Fabric Workers, Motor Engineers, Wireless Operators, and Power Station tradesmen. Age limits: Ex-Service men, 18 to 30; non ex-Service, 18 to 26; men highly skilled in certain trades up to 35; ex-N.C.O.'s up to 38 years (with rank according to trade ability). Pay from 21/- to 60/6 per week on enlistment, and all found. Allowance for wife and children to men 26 and over. Write, stating age, or call, Inspector of Recruiting, R.A.F., 4, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, W.C.2; R.A.F. Recruiting Depot, 41, Church Street, Birmingham, or R.A.F. Recruiting Depot, 103, New Bridge Street, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

A FACTORY IN A KITCHEN.—New, fasc., well-pd. Home Industry (patented). 8½d. add. env.—England-Richards Co., 441, King's Lynn.

AGENTS wanted (either sex) to sell Private Christmas Cards. Free samples. Valuable prizes. £10 easily earned without outlay.—Write, John Benshaw & Sons, Dept. 183, Accrington.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES, SERVICES.

DO YOU ADVERTISE?—Your advertisement inserted in 50 Provincial Newspapers for 7/10. London and Suburban Series same price.—Write for prospectus, Central Press (Series Dept. 60), 190, Strand, London, W.C.2.

£5 to £10 weekly can be easily earned for a small outlay of 30/-. No previous experience necessary.—Write for Particulars, H. Levaine (Dept. J.B.), 143, Houndsditch, London.

BUILD up a Mail Order Business without buying stock. Scheme endorsed by authorities. —Write, Noble Bros., Pelham St., Nottingham.

ADVERTISEMENTS inserted in 20 London and Provincial Newspapers for 2/6 (14 words), 50 papers 5/-. Write for free list.—Camden Advertising Agency (Dept. Y.), 61, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4.

WITH 20/- start Ltd. Metal Polish manfg. 200 per cent. Send 20. for rep. samples, tins, spirits, materials to mix. Everything supld.—I.M.P., 186, Queen's Rd., Walthamstow, E.17.

BARGAIN SALES.

Ladies' Winter Coats, 4/- monthly; also Furs, Overcoats, Suits, Gramophones, Accordeons, Clocks, Watches, Boots, etc. Price list free.—Masters, Ltd., Rye.

WALLPAPERS direct (non-combine), therefore cheapest, from 2½d.; write for free pattern book. —Eclipse Wallpaper Co., Hunslet Road, Leeds.

PHILLIPS RUBBERS
"Absolutely O.K."

VOL-PEEK mends your Kettles, Saucepans, Baths, at home, especially aluminium, copper, enamel, iron, tin, etc. A metallic putty. Simply push through hole, flatten and burn. 1/- packet mends 30 holes.—Storey (Dept. J.B.), 9, St. Mary's Road, Golders Green.

CYCLISTS.—SOME REAL "SNIPS" at slaughtering prices. 1/6. Air Tubes 10½d Real Cable Cord Tyres, exactly half-price. Cycle chains, 2/6. Double Texture, 39/-. Mackintoshes 12/6. Guaranteed Cyclometers 2/6. Flashlamp Batteries 4½d. Electric Cycle Lamps only 6/9. Guinea Trouser Stretchers 9/11. Safety Razors 4d.—For full particulars of these and hundreds more amazing bargains send for Monster 144-page Catalogue and Special Clearance Lists. They're FREE for postcard. Write NOW. It will pay you.—Moorhouse, Ltd., Dept. 89, Padiham, Burnley.

GUNS.—Thoroughly reliable, guaranteed English-made double barrel, £6 5s. Single barrels, 35/-. Cash or gradual payments. Send for list.—Thomas Wild, Whittall Street, Birmingham.

A SMOKE and a Joke!—Latest novelty, 1/- per box, post paid.—L. Soroko, 431, Romford Road, London, E.7.

TOBACCO at Manufacturers' price. We will send half-pound tin of the famous "Prescott" Mixture carriage paid for 7/-, which will be returned unless satisfactory.—The Vi-Yama Tobacco Co., Ltd., 40, Great Prescott Street, London, E.1.

DRESS.

REAL Harris and Shetland Homespuns direct from makers; best quality only; patterns free. —Harris Tweed Depot, 2, James St., Stornoway.

FANCY Leathers, 18 lovely colours, 9d. sq. ft. Ladies, send 2d. stamp for set of patts.—Catt, Leather Works, Northampton.

HARRIS Tweed direct from Crofters, reduced prices. Patts. post free.—Harris Tweed Co., Dept. 37, 13, Lombard St., Inverness.

SCOTCH TWEEDS, Blankets Wools, Art Silks. Patterns free. Buy direct from Scotland and save middleman's profits.—Grant (Dept 2), 211, Union St., Aberdeen.

EDUCATIONAL INSTRUCTION.

MASSAGE Experts wanted everywhere.—Enter this profession and earn 7/6 to 21/- per hour Full particulars, specimen Diploma free. —47 Swan Inst., Festing Grove, Portsmouth.

Are you a victim of the national scourge—

CATARRH

HEADNOISES, ASTHMA, DEAFNESS, BRONCHIAL TROUBLES, HAY FEVER, EYE WEAKNESS, Etc.

ACTINA is the surest and safest remedy; it contains neither Eucalyptus, Camphor, Menthol, Carbolic, nor Pine Extracts, and cannot harm the most delicate or intricate membrane.

ACTINA REACHES EVERY AFFECTED ORGAN.

The pungent, curative vapours generated in the Actina container reach the seat of the trouble *immediately.*

ACTINA IS NOT UNPLEASANT TO USE.

Unlike herbal cigarettes, Actina does not tell other people you are a victim to Catarrh, *and the Actina container is devoid of glass, and can be carried in the pocket without fear of damage or leakage.*

500,000 IN USE.

There are over half-a-million Actina containers in use, bringing relief and cures to sufferers in all parts of the world. *What Actina is doing for others it can do for YOU.*

Our Booklet is Free. Write for a copy, and details of our fortnight's trial offer—there's no obligation.

THE ACTINA CO., DEPT. 108,
Nelson Chambers, High St., Birmingham.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy proved by testimonials. — Write, The Stanley Institute (J.B.), Macton Road London, S.W.6.

BOOTS.—Buy Factory direct. Enormous saving. Agents wanted. Stamp for lists (L) and particulars, British Boot Co., Bristol

GRAMOPHONES direct from Manufacturers. Single Cabinet Gramophones at Wholesale Prices, with free records. Write for catalogue.—Direct Gramophone Co., 113, Newington Butts, S.E.1.

A BEAUTIFUL Sheen Pearl Necklace fitted with 9-ct. gold clasp, 14/6, post free. Cash refunded if not satisfied.—Gosling (Dept. 4), 36, Havelock Street, Canterbury.

STAINLESS Dessert Knives (Ivorine handles), 20/- doz.; Table, 28/- doz. Direct from Sheffield.—G. Falthurst, 18, Havelock Square, Sheffield.

MOTOR RUGS.—The most wonderful offer ever made. Heavy Velour Cloth-lined Wool Tweed. Size 72 inches long, 60 inches wide, shades grey, fawn, brown, black and navy. Direct from the manufacturers. Made from materials purchased far below market value. Carriage free, 27/6. Money returned if not satisfied.—Silver Bros., 7, Hansell Street, London, E.C.

ENLARGEMENTS from any photo; beautiful work, 12 x 10 in., 2s. Send now. Money back if dissatisfied.—Cooper, 121, Gt. Colmore Street, Birmingham.

PITMAN'S SHORTHAND THOROUGHLY TAUGHT BY POST.—Interesting, easy, quick tuition. Success guaranteed. Send for free lesson and terms.—King-way School of Commerce, 86, Clarendon Street, Hull.

MUSICAL.

BOYD PIANOS, world-famed for tone, touch, durability, direct from makers on their deferred payment system.—Catalogue in colours from Boyd, Ltd. (Dept. G), 19, Holborn, London.

PLAY OR PLAY BETTER THIS WINTER. —"Beckerism" means the piano played as it should be—in a third the time with a quarter the work at a tenth the cost. I have so taught thousands by post. Crystal-clear, illustrated, a child could understand. A lucid teacher always with you—not half-hour weekly. I guarantee success. Start as beginner or from where you are. Difficulties melt away. Don't miss my book. FREE for a card (Mrs., Miss, Rev. or Mr.), and one word to suit your case—Beginner, Elementary, Moderate, Advanced.—Mr. H. Becker, 61, Bristol House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1.

ACCORDIONS, Violins, Banjos, Mandolins, Band Instruments, Illd. Catalogue free.—Douglas, 99, King's Chambers, South Street, E.C.2.

LIVESTOCK.

AFRICAN Grey Parrots, Amazons, Young Talking Parrots and Cages, from 45/.—Chapman's, 17, Tottenham Court Road, London, W.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

WORMS CURED.—Artico Brand Worm Tablets are a Specialist's positive and permanent cure. They cure most violent cases by calmly destroying the very cause of the worm's existence. No fasting, no dieting, no interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for generous supply, or 1½d. stamp for Free Pamphlet.—Ridyard Tablet Co., 34-36, Codnor, Derby.

ENERGOTS BRING HEALTH, clear eyes, faultless complexion, strenuous vitality, strong nerves, perfect digestion, and a happy disposition. One tablet only. Trial box (60 tabs) 1/6.—Energots (Dept. J.B.), 12, Bessborough Gardens, London, S.W.1.

THE MANUAL OF WISDOM.—Mothers and every married person should write at once for this wonderful and extremely valuable Medical Book, worth many pounds, containing good, sound advice and special information of the utmost importance. Should be in every home. Sent absolutely FREE on mentioning this paper. —Le Brasseur Surgical Mfg. Co., Ltd. (Dept. D. H.), 99-93, Worcester Street, Birmingham.

STAMMERING.—I cured myself. You can cure yourself (or your child). Partics. free.—Frank Hughes (J.B.), Ltd., 7, Southampton Row, W.C.1.

GOITRE, Enlarged Glands, Tonsils and Tumours quickly cured without operation. Testimonial proofs and advice free.—W. Duncan, M.H., Specialist (Dept X.), Medical Hall, 44, Broadway, Grays.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS!—Use Brooks Rupture Appliance. New discovery. Wonderful! No lumpy pads, no springs, durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. SENT ON TRIAL. Catalogue free.—Address, BROOKS APPLIANCE CO., LTD. (1763U), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

BLADDER WEAKNESS. — This distressing ailment in children, invalids, adults, quickly cured by "Parker's Remedy," 3/6 btl., p.f., or write for partics., "Routers," 11a, South Castle Street, Liverpool.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy proved by testimonials. — Write, The Stanley Institute (J.B.), Macton Road, London, S.W.6.

NEW LIFE to Weak, Weary, Nervous, Pallid People. Thyroid Glandets restore youth, Energy, Vitality, Nerve Force. Never fail. No drugs. Free trial p.c.—Percivals, Ltd., 67, St. Albans.

FREE BOOK, entitled "Tobacco Habit Curative Method," smoking, chewing, antidote cure. —York Publications, 3, Cannon St., London.

ADENOIDS and Polypi cured without operation. Month's supply, 12/6.—Laboratory, 62, Newport Street, Bolton

ALL Foot Troubles, Flat-foot, Corns, Bunions, etc., cured. Walking a pleasure. Why hobble through life? Particulars of appliances free.—Finley, 54, Lower Thames Street, London.

GET WELL Permanently — the "Nature Science" way—no drugs or exercises. Send 1½d. (postage) for booklet.—Mr. B. Scott, 47, Huddlestone Road, London, N.W.2.

SKIN DISEASES, Psoriasis, Eczema, Bad Legs, completely and permanently cured by Kurem Home Treatment. Free Book sent under plain cover.—Write, J. Robinson & Sons, 11, Kurem House, BRADFORD.

A NAVAL OFFICER DISCOVERED "KI-UMA," the tropical Herbal Ointment which quickly cures Rheumatism, Neuritis, Lumbago, Swollen Joints and Feet. Thousands of successful cures. Antiseptic, harmless, stainless. Large sample tin 1/3, post free, from Ki-Uma, Ltd., Bath.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SIXTY-FOUR PAGE BOOK about Herbs and how to use them. 2d. Send for one.—Trimnell, The Herbalist, Richmond Road, Cardiff.

MARRIAGE in Church, Chapel, or Register Office. Preliminary formalities explained. 6d., post free.—Guido J., 38, White Hart Lane, Tottenham.

BARGAINS SEEN BY "JOHN BULL."

BACKED by the "John Bull" Guarantee, many bargain offers appear on page 28. Among those examined by us is a well-finished watch sold by G. B. Andrews for 6/6. It's a wonderful timekeeper. With rough weather before us, the 16/6 Raincoat illustrated by the Lion Mail Order Co. is a very tempting offer for ladies and gentlemen. "Baby's Choice" would certainly be a fitting term for the "Bolton" perambulator. It looks well, is sprung well, and has the finish of a high-grade model, but it's priced for thrifty people. "A Library at your door" is what the Postal Library Service brings us—novels and classics for every taste. A small fee makes you a lifetime subscriber. A good cigarette at a popular price is offered by Soroko.

You can read all about these Guaranteed-value-for-money offers—and others as well—on page 29, so turn to this page straightaway.

GRAVES "EXPRESS" ENGLISH LEVER

The best Genuine English Lever obtainable—a timekeeper you can always depend upon

7/- NOW

Massive Sterling Silver Cases, Reliable Watch, strong, fully jewelled movement protected by a dust & damp proof cap. Warranted 5 years.

Delivered to all approved orders for 7/- with order. Balance in 11 monthly payments of 7/- if satisfied. Money back if not all dissatisfied.

Catalogue Free of high class Watches and Jewellery. Easy Terms. J. G. Graves Ltd. Sheffield

per 8d. pkt.

Makes the week's money go further

SHREDDED Wheat is *only* 8d. per packet—you cannot buy a cheaper cereal food or a better one. The more you eat Shredded Wheat the more you save—not only because of its low price, but because it also saves the expense and trouble of cooking.

Working men and women find these crisp, delightful "biscuits" invaluable for an early and hurried breakfast. Eaten with hot or cold milk they provide all the nourishment and energy needed for half a day's mental or manual work.

Remember, Shredded Wheat is made from the pure and entire whole wheat grain. It is all food—free from preservatives or any other form of adulteration.

Shredded Wheat

100 FOOD

You can test the economy, convenience and quality of this food without cost to yourself. Simply fill in and send the coupon below for a generous free trial packet.

COUPON *for*

FREE LIBERAL TRIAL SAMPLE.

To the SHREDDED WHEAT CO., Ltd.,
26, General Buildings, Aldwych, W.C.2.

Please send me a trial packet of Shredded Wheat and copy of "Cook Book" (containing 50 useful recipes), both free and post free.

Name* .....

Address (in full) .....

.....

**Please write in clear block (or capital) letters.*

OPEN TO ALL GRAMOPHONE OWNERS.

£1000 in Cash

EVERY GRAMOPHONE OWNER CAN TAKE PART IN THIS PLEASURE-MAKING HOME ENTERTAINMENT and win a big prize.

FIRST CASH PRIZE £500.

Second Cash Prize £150. Third Cash Prize £50

Ten Prizes of **£5** each, and One Hundred Prizes of **£1** each.

CHILDREN'S (under 12), CASH PRIZES £50

First Prize £25 Second Prize £10. Third Prize £5.

And Ten Prizes of **£1** each.

Numerous other Prizes including Cabinet Gramophone value 50 gns. (Columbia Graphophone Co.), Saxophone (or other musical instrument) value 20 gns. (Keith, Prowse & Co.), Pearl Necklace value 10 gns. (Madonna Pearls, Ltd.) Case of COURVOISIER Brandy (Simon Bros. & Co., Ltd.), amounting in all to over ONE THOUSAND POUNDS in the

KODISK COMPETITION

for the clearest and most distinct record, whether it comprises a song, story, whistle or musical reproduction.

Judges:

MISS JOSE COLLINS, THE EARL OF HARDWICKE,
LOUIS STERLING, ESQ. (Managing Director of Columbia Graphophone Co., Ltd.).

The KODISK is an unbreakable ebony metal Gramophone disc which can be played on any Gramophone without any extra fittings whatever. You can sing, whistle, talk or laugh, and hear your own voice instantaneously and naturally in your own home, on your own Gramophone.

☞ POST US THE RESULT. ☜

"Hear Yourself as Others Hear You,"

Every member of your family and all your friends can compete in this perfectly simple competition, which requires no special skill, no mental strain, provides endless amusement, and presents no difficulties whatever.

All you have to do is to obtain a KODISK and a recording megaphone from your local gramophone or music dealer, and carefully follow the instructions which are provided.

KODISKS can be used on all makes of gramophones—with or without horns—and can be obtained from all gramophone and music dealers.

DOUBLE-SIDED KODISK 2s. 6d.
Special Needles, FREE.
RECORDING MEGAPHONE, 6d.
Full instructions with Each Disc.

CONDITIONS OF ENTRY FOR THE KODISK COMPETITION.

September 24 to December 1, 1923.

1. The prizes will be awarded to senders of what are deemed the most perfect reproductions on the KODISK. In the event of more than one competitor sending in records of equal merit, the prizes will be divided.
2. COMPETITORS MAY SEND IN AS MANY RECORDS AS THEY WISH.
3. Full name, address, and (if a child) age, together with name and address of retailer, must accompany records which, if sent by post, must be properly stamped and addressed "Competition," British Kodisk, Ltd., Ansdell-st., Kensington, High-st., W8, and must arrive at that address not later than DECEMBER 1, 1923.
4. All entries will receive strict scrutiny to ensure fairness in awarding prizes. All records sent in will, in the first place, be required to pass a qualification test, and those passing this test will be adjudicated upon by the judges
5. The decision of the judges as to the prize awards or as to any other matter relating to this competition shall be accepted as final and binding by all competitors, who shall enter the competition on that footing, and no correspondence will be entered into regarding this competition or anything connected therewith.
6. British Kodisk, Ltd., will not be responsible for any records lost, mislaid, or delayed. Proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery or receipt. KODISK Records cannot be returned.
7. No employee of British Kodisk, Ltd., will be eligible to compete.
8. The names and addresses of the prize winners will be published in the Press shortly after the closing date.

For use with EVERY STYLE of GRAMOPHONE

Horn, Hornless, or Cabinet.

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JOHN BULL

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For the People——
the Right to Justice and Truth.

The Paper on which the Sun :: Never Sets ::

The World, the Flesh, & the Devil

The Editor discourses upon passing events and topics of the day.

As You Were.

Lord Curzon's explanation of Britain's Ruhr policy to the Imperial Conference merely corroborates what we have been saying all along. Reparations are just as far off as ever!

The Proof of the Pudding.

The Foreign Secretary's speech at least made it perfectly clear that there never was any intention on the part of this country to break with France. The state of affairs in Germany has proved conclusively that the British plan would have brought far better results to all concerned.

A Candid Confession.

M. Poincaré says that "victory" has been cried too soon. So we said. It is at once a confession of failure and a cynical disclosure of his real aims. The fact is now apparent that the French Premier's problem has only just begun.

Illusory Hopes.

The ex-Kaiser and Crown Prince are excited over the news of a Monarchist rising in Bavaria, but they might as well remain calm. The Allies may be silly but they're not quite as silly as that!

Deceiving the People.

Sir John Simon says the League of Nations is not a failure. He is confusing the ideal with the reality. There is nothing wrong with the idea, but the present body is not a League so much as a conspiracy.

Watch India!

We have repeatedly stated that all was not well with India. The country is seething with unrest, and unless British statesmanship quickly asserts itself India will be the danger spot of the Empire.

Pricking the Bubble.

The attempt of the Bradford wool merchants to secure Protection has been swiftly downed by the very men they pretended it would help: the textile workers will have nothing to do with it. There is a lesson in this which the Government will be wise to take to heart.

Bad Business.

Sheffield cutlery firms who are remarketing dumped German goods along with genuine products will find such cheap-jack methods recoiling on their own heads. Meanwhile the Government should see that all imported goods bear the mark of origin.

No Food Taxes!

The Economic Conference is playing with schemes for "Imperial Preference." The plain English of this is Protection and taxes on food. We say—NO!

No! Mr. Bruce!

The Australian Premier would like to solve unemployment by taking our best workmen to Australia. We beg to remind him that this is the country they fought for, and we shall not rest till it is fit for them to live in. The more we see of emigration the less we like it.

It's Dawning!

Mr. Kent, of the New York Bankers Trust, has been thinking. He advises the cancellation of Britain's debt to America and prophesies immense prosperity as a result. The position of the world's creditor is beginning to be painful for Uncle Sam!

The Real Reason.

Giving pressing business as an excuse the Premier has refused to summon Parliament. The truth is that the Cabinet are anxious to avoid as long as possible the storm of criticism which is coming on reparations and unemployment. And when it does come it will be well deserved.

Training Wasters.

Over 300,000 unemployed are under thirty years of age and have never done a day's work in their lives. The "dole" policy is turning them into unemployables. For goodness' sake put some of the schemes in hand that will provide them with work and self-respect.

The Deadly Dole.

While the demand for domestic servants remains unsatisfied there are no fewer than 268,000 women being paid to remain idle. Stop the dole and let them get to work.

A Word in Season.

The Communists have formulated full plans for exploiting the distress of the unemployed this winter. We trust that the men themselves will refuse to be the cat's-paws of these hotheads, and that the authorities will keep a sharp eye on the "organisers."

Doles to the Rich.

The Civil Pensions list makes pretty reading for the starving. There are many mystery "doles" and some scandalous ones. It is time this list was drastically revised and some of the waste stopped.

None So Blind . . . !

Mr. J. R. Clynes still believes that a Capital Levy is the only thing that will save England. Blind to the lesson of Switzerland, and following dreams and visions, the Labour Party is still a long way from the practical politics that will raise it to administrative prominence.

The Amazing Minister!

Mr. Neville Chamberlain says the housing problem is well on the way to a solution. Rubbish! The whole trouble is that Ministers talk too much and do too little. With the Government prepared to act, it could have been solved months ago.

Many a True Word!

The Law Society's condemnation of the Nosey Parker spirit of legislators who attempt to put ordinary folk in leading strings is well merited. "Dora" is dead, but she left far too many faddist children behind her.

The Moral Maniacs.

It is coming to something when the Billposters' Protection Association bans a poster on the grounds of it being "too sacred." It is a significant sidelight on the bane of censorship that is steadily snapping our liberties. It is but a step to open Fascism.

Suppressing Obscenity.

As a result of the exposures in John Bull the Home Office is now taking active steps to suppress the circulation of obscene photographs and films. The authorities don't love us, but they can't deny our facts!

Still Dozing.

Why does not the Home Secretary use the powers he possesses and put hashish under the Dangerous Drugs Act? We once more demand drastic action to check the increasing use of this deadly drug.

Fair Fares.

The Railway Travellers' Association is going to oppose the standard rate of 1½d. a mile. Quite right; there is no reason on earth why the old 1d. a mile should not be restored forthwith.

A Merry Jest.

Christmas is coming—and dried fruits are going up in price. This is the sort of unseasonable joke of which we're getting heartily tired. What's wanted, for once, is a whole-hearted strike of housewives, just to teach these profiteers a lesson.

The Dirt Providers.

Sir Robert Jones says that a large proportion of the 100,000 crippled children in this country owe their condition to bad milk. As he is an eminent surgeon we beg to call the attention of Sir William Joynson-Hicks to the matter and ask him what he proposes to do about it?

A Muddled Law.

The sooner the law with regard to sweepstakes is put right the better. The Manchester prosecutions have made it clear that the 100-year-old Lottery Acts need a lot of their rust polishing away.

The Military Madhouse.

The war taught Whitehall nothing. The latest outbreak of War Office insanity takes the form of asking teachers to become recruiting agents and persuade their boys to enter the Army "to learn a trade." Ex-Servicemen now unemployed could supply a good estimate of the value of that.

Tighten Up the Laws.

If instead of permitting the shipping companies to maintain an immigration camp at Southampton the Government were to revise the alien laws it would please us better. We want neither useless aliens nor an imitation of Ellis Island.

An Unstatesmanlike Policy.

Although we have no objection to the State taxing a dead man's estate, we doubt the wisdom of levying a tax on a bequest to the community as a whole. Such bequests are to be welcomed; such an imposition will only tend to discourage them

A Pair of Silk Stockings.

The Aberystwyth Board of Guardians are alleged to have been giving out relief to persons whose daughters wear silk stockings. The discovery having been made by Mr. C. M. Williams, his eyes cannot have been regularly "lifted unto the hills" as the Psalmist advises.

Horse Sense.

Mr. Rooth at the West London Police Court sentenced Samuel Tyler, a coster of Notting Dale, to three months' hard labour for cruelty to his donkey by kicking it. The magistrate retaliated for what he called the "poor, wretched dumb animal," to some purpose.

Two Kinds of Road Hogs.

Even motor speed-maniacs are entitled to more fair treatment than some have received from the Runcorn police, whose sense of justice does not appear to have been well developed. The police set a trap on the Chester main road, but gave none of those who were summoned a chance of testing the times given in evidence. This isn't quite our idea of British justice.

Scotland's Way.

Dundee Electricity Committee are wise in their generation. Although British tenders for a job they have on hand were much higher in cost figures than those of foreign firms, the British offers were accepted in preference. If a few more municipalities would take this line we might hear less about unemployment.

Penalising the Poor.

Any old man or woman of seventy who can potter about and earn more than £49 19s. a year—less than £1 a week—is barred from an old age pension. Why, in the name of common-sense, should not old folk who are well enough, and active enough, to add to their meagre pension be allowed to do so? Such pettyfogging penalising makes our blood boil.

The Spoiler of Girls.

Disturbing revelations of depravity amongst a section of the young in and around Manchester indicate the existence of a dangerous immoral cult. Thomas Skelhorn, of Altrincham, is one of those diseased with the desire of the beast, and his hobby has been to spoil young girls. For six months they will be safe from him, and his punishment should serve as a wholesome warning to beasts of this type.

Tea for Seven, Please!

One of the Salford Guardians recently entertained seven friends to tea at the local Infirmary at a cost of 6d. per head. Although he rightly bore the expense himself, it seems unfortunate that the extra work entailed should be thrown upon the ordinary domestic staff of the infirmary, especially on Sunday afternoons. These institutions were not designed as cheap cafés for Guardians with big ideas and small purses.

A Brutal "Broncho-Buster."

Small boys sometimes make excuse for wrong-doing by saying they "saw it on the pictures," but such a plea could scarcely be urged by a hulking brute named Ernest Roper, of Tinston, Somerset, who in order to emulate cowboy "broncho-busters" rode a mule in a rickyard and stuck a knife into it to make it buck-jump. Five cuts were found on the animal, yet Roper was only fined £2. It would have served him right if the mule had obliged him and broken his worthless neck.

A Futile Fine.

Because an ownerless dog had killed a few of his fowls, Herbert Williams, of Tower Road, Warmsley, flung it down a disused pit shaft containing water, and left it to drown. The animal swam about whining piteously for nearly an hour before it died, all attempts to rescue it proving futile. Equally futile as a deterrent was the penalty imposed by the Lawford Gate magistrates—a paltry fine of two guineas. It is a pity the pillory cannot be revived for such offences. Then the public might express their abhorrence in an effective manner.

Beating the Coppers.

Douglas Higgs, aged six, fell into the Thames at Woolwich and was carried away by the tide, as were also four policemen who put out in a boat to the rescue. But George Tyrell plunged in from the shore and saved the boy. Prompt and plucky.

Sit on the Dead-heads.

Businesslike proposals are being put before Stafford Town Council to solve local unemployment by necessary road and water improvements at a cost of £13,000. If the live-heads can conquer the dead-heads, ratepayers will find this cheaper than paying out doles.

£2,000 for Your Thoughts!

The 500th Bullets Competition announced on another page offers you something better than a penny for your thoughts. This week there is a First Prize of £2,000, others of £500, £200 and £100 besides many other big cash awards. Put on your thinking-cap—a few words may win you a fortune.

The Straight Tip.

The pink forms announcing the awards of medical boards tell our pensioners that they may appeal if they wish, but that if they do so their pensions will be as likely to be cut down as increased. Quite frank! Tryon should hear what our readers say of him!

Alive and Kicking.

An ex-soldier at Grimsby, robbed of his pension by a blundering official who had described him as dead, was compelled to make his home in the workhouse. To prove that he is alive he kicked an official. For this he was sent to jail for ten days. A sentence the blunderer ought to have been compelled to serve.

Pitiless Peeping Toms.

The Pensions Ministry is remarkably active, through a horde of Peeping Toms and Peeping Teresas, visiting widows left in their loneliness through the sacrifice of their sons in the field, and who were awarded ridiculous pensions for their great sacrifice. As a result, a grateful nation is cutting down the pitiful allowances to vanishing-point, and the poor widows who cherish the remembrance of their fine sons sacrificed on the altar of patriotism have to submit. The system is too strong for them.

Post Office Parsimony.

A gallant Lancashire lad who holds the M.M. and D.C.M. and receives a small disability pension, was lately employed at the Middleton Post Office at a wage of £1 1s. 10d. a week. He was notified that the Postmaster at Manchester had decreed that he must accept a position as morning postman at 10s. 7d. a week. Realising the impossibility of supporting himself and his invalid wife on such a pittance, he declined the appointment, and was promptly served with a week's notice. Is the Postmaster-General prepared to accept responsibility for this disgraceful treatment?

Why Wait?

When Joseph Evans and Sons, of Wolverhampton, worked against time to manufacture and rush pumps to the flooded pit at Falkirk, they added to Labour's magnificent list of life-saving efforts. But why were not adequate pumps on the spot? When pit-owners think human life equal to dividends, coal-mining may become safe as any other key industry.

A Courtesy that Should be Law.

At an inquest on a painter named Hugh Doggart, an employee of the Co-Operative Wholesale Society who had died from lead poisoning, the Manchester coroner, referring to the fact that he was not informed of the man's death until four days after the event, remarked that there was no legal obligation for doctors to report cases of accident or poisoning to a coroner, but "it was a courtesy which he greatly appreciated." The sooner that courtesy is made compulsory the better. It is not always possible in cases of poisoning, as in this one, to return a verdict of "Accidental Death."

Mary Had a Little Lamb!

Alderman Brierley, of Oldham, is one of those long-visaged moralists, convinced that beauty in art is a direct way to strong sex excitation. He is preventing the town's acceptance of Schwabe's "Girl and the Lamb" from the Tate Gallery. This type of mind would indict the Almighty for permitting children to be born without clothes.

A Man and His Friend.

A man at Smethwick, out of work for nearly three years, was fined £1 1s. or fourteen days for keeping a dog without a licence. When he was asked why he did not get rid of it, he said: "The dog is of no value except as a friend, but before I part with him I will do fourteen days." Surely such friends need not be parted for the sake of seven-and-sixpence.

Obstinate Stupidity.

Hammersmith Guardians are still incensed at the refusal of the Ministry of Health to institute a serious inquiry into the alleged ill-treatment by Dr. Churchill of little May Bullock who died under her charge in Downs Hospital. The Ministry is of opinion that no good purpose would be served. We are of opinion that the Ministry is wrong. Either the lady doctor is guilty or she is innocent, and if only for her sake an inquiry must be held.

All Alone.

Charles Henry Luck, a lay reader of St. Giles', Norwich, lived in solitude for twenty-three years, and devoted himself to his work among the poor and needy. He was found dead in his chair at the Church House, and evidence was given at the inquest that he had been in a very delicate state of health for some time. The vicar said he had given him advice as a friend, but had left it at that. It is sad to think that such a man should have been left to die without any greater effort being made to save him.

Playing for the Dole.

One of the conditions under which unemployment benefit of 1s. a day is paid to young girl workers at Hackney is compulsory attendance at a Juvenile Unemployment Centre, where from 10 a.m. to 1 p.m. daily, girls of seventeen or more fritter away the time at net-ball, freehand drawing, and other ladylike pursuits. We appreciate the effort to keep the maids out of mischief, but the authorities ought to know that these are just the hours when the girls should be seeking work.

Pity the Poor Blind!

In a place which the agent declared was not a house at all, but a workshop open from end to end, and not fit for a home, a blind man named Williamson has been living with his wife and children at Hull. The rent charged was 6s. 7d. a week, and because the stricken man found difficulty in paying this, an ejectment order was granted, and will be enforced if he does not pay 8s. a week until the arrears are wiped out. Is there no pity even for the blind?

Hard Hearts in Herts.

In an attempt to drive a labourer and his family from a thatched cottage of which he desired to gain possession, a landlord of Holwell, near Hitchin, Herts, removed the door and part of a window, and then tore away a portion of the roof heedless of the fact that the tenant's wife was lying ill in one of the bedrooms. It is gratifying to know that he was afterwards prevailed upon to repair the damage and leave the family unmolested, but—what hard hearts some men have!

"An Englishman's Home!"

Of housing horrors there are no end. The two bedrooms of a cottage at Winslow (Bucks) are occupied nightly by the tenant, his brother, his sister, two grown-up sons, his married daughter, her husband, a boy of fifteen, and three children. What chance have these people, herded together like pigs, of decent healthy lives? The Government must tackle and not tinker with this grave problem, even if it does mean sweeping the building rings into Hades.

Cruelty Fiend.

A veritable fiend in human shape is John James May whose record is one long lifetime of criminal actions. His latest exploit is to tear roughly off the necks of twenty-five live turkeys "for spite." Six months' imprisonment for this wretch is merely playing at a cure.

What is Behind It?

How is it certain money-lenders are able to circularise people in Government offices, offering easy terms to those so employed? Who supplies the accurate lists of employees, and who is able to drop the hint when a man is in need of money? Can nothing be done to trace the inside touts of the money-lenders?

Next, Please!

Arthur Edward Swain, a Birmingham Communist, has a pleasing style of public oratory. He suggests that the unemployed should throw bombs among the constabulary and string up all available guardians to lamp-posts. For these and similar incitements Swain goes to prison for six months. A good beginning to deal with a public nuisance.

Without the Aid of Onions!

Along Merseyside, Frances Margaret Smith, the "wet-cheek fraud," is known as "Weeping Meg." A cunning crook she is who can tell the tale and play the part of a sympathy shark better than any other in Liverpool. She has even duped a police stipendiary with her tears that come at will, and her yarn of the London gentleman who wishes to marry her. Meg may soon be busy once more, though for a few weeks she is to be His Majesty's guest.

The Samaritan Robbed.

A sad experience befell Mr. de Berniere Smith, of Gloucester Gate, Regent's Park, in return for his good act. Discovering an old servant named Martindale down and out, Mr. Smith took him home, gave him a good meal, and went out to see if he could find him a situation. During his absence, Martindale helped himself to £7 10s. worth of jewellery and decamped. The pity of it all is that Martindale's base ingratitude may prevent someone else from befriending some other poor but honest devil.

Giving a Good Girl a Chance.

People who have never felt want's grim pinch can scarcely imagine the struggles and heart-burnings which culminated in the appearance of pretty May Smith in the dock at the West London Police Court, branded as a thief. After a vain hunt for work, May, who was an unemployed actress, was faced with the choice between theft or a vicious life—and she chose theft. Fortunately the West London magistrate proved himself a man with an understanding heart by binding her over instead of adding the prison taint to her troubles.

A Pair of Mean Skunks.

A poor widow in Westmorland tells us of a cruel misfortune which befell her a week ago. Two respectably dressed young men, who said they were travelling in poultry foods for a well-known firm, went to her for board and lodging. While she was out procuring food for them they broke open a drawer and rifled a cash-box of her savings, amounting to £17. We have heard of the dismal doings of these mean skunks in other parts of the country, and our readers would do well to exercise extreme caution in giving hospitality to strangers.

Light Weight—and Punishment.

Coal is dear enough, in all conscience, without the poor consumer being mulcted of 7 lb. in every half-hundredweight through defective scales. That was the amount of bias against the customer in a machine in a coalyard at Devizes owned by Albert Edward Cummins. The inspector declared that for a scale which was largely used for the sale of small quantities of coal, it was worse than anything he had previously met with. Cummins protested that a fine of £2 was "rather heavy." In our opinion the punishment, like his scales, was distinctly light.

Of Course.

Hans Kurt is a peddler of pornographic prints whom the Paris police "moved on." Asked to select a new home to facilitate deportation, this "Alsatian" hound chose England, and the ease with which he obtained permission suggests that he chose wisely.

Real Culprit.

Like many other rogues-rooking Society, Mrs. McLaren, who went to jail recently, was only able to do so because she was introduced into good Society for a fee, by one of the many hard-up "some bodies" who are always willing to oblige "nobodies" able to pay. Is it not time this scandal was stopped?

Clean up the Turf!

We demand that the Stewards of the Jockey Club shall take immediate steps to prevent trainers and others giving information, FOR FINANCIAL REWARD, to any person with respect to the running of his horses. We hear ugly rumours of this kind of thing going on, and the time has come for drastic action. The practice must be stopped!

Another One.

We have already asked for light on the identity of the bookmaker trading as H. Percival at Whitefriars Street. Now we would like to know if "Percival" still combines tipping with laying the odds? And while on the subject we would like to know if the P.M.G. has tumbled to the arrangement under which the clients of the tipster branch of this concern were bluffed by the use of a former address from which an obliging Post Office re-directed all mail.

Problems of Life.

SENSITIVENESS.

By the REV. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

MANY people are cursed with morbidly sensitive dispositions.

They are easily depressed and elated, especially the former; seldom have much humour; shrink from every breath of criticism; demand and expect a great deal of sympathy; and, generally speaking, view life with apprehension, if not dismay.

Not uncommonly this sensitiveness is conjoined to an irritating self-consciousness very trying to other people; the sensitive one is apt to view every event as it affects himself; his own personality is ever present to his mind even if thought of with self-blame.

On the other hand, sensitiveness often shows itself as mere touchiness and conceit. The sensitive person is constantly seeing slights where none are intended, and taking offence at no one knows what.

Oddly enough, however, this egotistic kind of sensitiveness is quite consistent with extreme insensitiveness to the needs and rights of others.

A person almost hysterically sensitive on his own account may be both callous and obtuse to the pain of those about him.

It might be supposed that a sensitive nature would mean a sympathetic nature, but that is not always so. A sensitive person can be a cruel and selfish person.

Sensitiveness and lack of imagination often go together. But sensitiveness is experienced as a great affliction by many who desire to do their best with life.

As they feel more than their fellows, they have of necessity to suffer more, and their feelings may be as readily excited by others' troubles as their own.

Such people should realise that their sensiteness is part of the price that has to be paid for the ability to understand and help their kind on the finer levels of life.

There are no truly great characters without it, though there may be strong characters that have not developed it.

It should not be suppressed, but mastered, trained, and ennobled.

Another Bad Start.

Clifton Gray, of Stanley House, Sherwood Street, Piccadilly Circus, is another of the many individuals who claim to be "London's Leading Football Accountant." He receives money for bets through agents in the provinces, but a number of his clients complain that they are still waiting to be paid their winnings on matches played on September 15. Such slowness in paying out at the start can scarcely be expected to inspire confidence for the remainder of the season.

A Plausible Parasite.

F. Cox, of 36a, Orchard Place, Southampton, advertises "Jobs (good) on board ship," and invites applicants to send him 3s. for particulars. To his circular letter he attaches a slip: "Important.—I have just been informed that several vacancies are available. Early reply is essential in your own interests." He thus carries deceptive methods even further than others of the same kidney whom we have exposed. Can nothing be done to stop these plausible parasites?

Not in "John Bull."

Dean & Co., Durham Street, Sheffield, advertise "Genuine Homework," and in return for 1s. 6d. send applicants recipes for cures for blushing, superfluous hairs, and other rubbish, which they suggest should be advertised in certain well-known periodicals, of which they give a list of twenty. In other words, having fleeced a fool, they coolly tell him to get his money back by fleecing other fools. It is worth noting that JOHN BULL does not appear in their list as a suitable medium for this class of advertisement!

Too Polite to Snatch.

"The Reparation Claimants' Association"—Chairman: J. B. Bower, Secretary: S. J. Collcutt—15, Waterloo Road, London, S.E., claims to be "a bona-fide concern," and not a "Fee Snatching Agency." It also "courts publicity." Good! We will make no charge for reprinting the following from its circular: "All that is necessary is for you to fill up and sign the enclosed two forms, put them in the accompanying envelope with a P.O. for 2s. 6d., and post to the Association. It will do the rest." What sort of rest—a long one?

There's Only One Winner.

After a long run of "rotten ill-luck," P. C. Barrie announced to his clients that it did not pay to back horses. This did not prevent him from offering to send another "certainty" and advising "a big gamble on it." One optimist who sent the required 10s. failed to receive a wire. Another got the wire and wished he hadn't, for the "long-priced winner" ran third at five to four in a field of five. He is now trying to get his 10s. back on the strength of Barrie's promise to refund it if the horse lost. He hasn't succeeded yet.

Robbing the New Poor.

Readers among the new poor who are compelled to advertise for secondhand clothes, should beware of an individual named J. Langford, of 42, Queen's Head Street, Islington, London, N., who is evidently bent on fleecing them. He offered a "lovely blue nap overcoat, guaranteed perfect condition" for 18s., "money returned if not satisfied," and on receipt of that sum forwarded a worn-out garment which was practically worthless. When the coat was returned, he sent it back and refused to refund the money. The remedy lies in the County Court.

"Tea that Never Brews."

With reference to our exposure, under the above heading, of "The United Tea Company," of 28, Paul Street, Westminster, we are asked to make it clear that this shady firm has no connection whatever with the United Kingdom Tea Company, Ltd., of Empire Warehouses, Pane Street, London, E.C., an old-established company with an unblemished reputation holding Royal Warrants of Appointment. It is a familiar trick of rogues to imitate the style of an unimpeachable concern, and Cranham and his confederate in the Pimlico back room no doubt hoped to inspire confidence in this way.

Innocents Abroad

A YEAR ago, Albert Cartner, a young English boy, happy and high-hearted, was taken under the Emigration scheme to Canada to learn farming. The other day his emaciated corpse was found in the prairie house where he had been apprenticed.

The boy had died of pneumonia, and his body was taken from a ragged bed in a dark cellar where, without medical attendance, he had fought and lost the hard struggle for his life.

It is an appalling story. His employer, a man named Ford, has been committed for trial for wilful neglect. It is said that Cartner had been beaten and worked until he was a wreck. Two days before his death he was found lying in a straw-stack saying he was sick.

Another English lad, who had also worked for Ford but had run away, visited Cartner sometime before his last illness, and asked him if it were true that Ford beat him. The gallant little fellow replied, without bitterness and refusing to complain, "Every man loses his temper at times. God will take care of me."

Poor Albert Cartner! Can there be a more terrible criticism of the dangers of child emigration than his tragic fate? It does not stand alone.

A Child Welfare Conference has just been held in Winnipeg, when suggestions of virtual child slavery in Canada were pressed upon Mr. Smart, the Superintendent of Juvenile Immigration for the Dominion Government.

Officers of the Child Protection Association of Canada wanted to know why 5,000 British children between the ages of 8 and 14 are being brought into Canada every year while twice that number of Canadian children are waiting in Canadian Institutions, a charge upon the State, for suitable homes to be found for them.

Mr. Smart replied that he and his department were doing their best, but he admitted that the Dominion Government paid eighty dollars per head for children brought into the Dominion, many of whom, according to the Rev. Father Haley, are exploited by farmers who take advantage of the lack of inspection to make virtual drudges of them.

Miss Charlotte Whitten, Secretary of the Conference, said that personal investigation had showed her that 20 per cent. of the unmarried mothers in the province of Ontario were young girls brought from the British Isles.

We are glad to say that protests against this calamitous state of affairs are coming from all over Canada.

The great Canadian people resent intensely that the fair name of the Dominion should be besmirched by the glaring inefficiency of a few well-paid officials.

We share their indignation at the tragedies which have so unhappily been associated with the Emigration policy.

Live Wires and Dead Doctors

NERVOUS wrecks drowning in a sea of hopelessness need worry no longer. A life-belt is being thrown—one that cures all ills and makes even the dead speak!

THE miracles of electricity as applied to medical science are not as widely known as perhaps they might be. But when we find a case in which they make the dead speak, we refuse to be a party to a conspiracy of silence, or to hide this remarkable achievement from the rest of the world.

There is a concern in London, under the shadow of St. Paul's, which ought not to be allowed to hide its light under a bushel. We refer to the Electrological Institute (J. L. Pulvermacher, Ltd.), of 56, Ludgate Hill, E.C., which describes itself as the "Institute of Curative Electricity with a reputation for real scientific progress."

The chief business of this concern is to sell electric belts for curing nervous exhaustion and weakness, and they show extraordinary consideration for the weak and exhausted nerves of their clients. Their own nerve, it may be said in passing, appears to be inexhaustible.

* * *

One client wrote to them asking for advice as to the kind of belt he ought to get. They replied suggesting that, in view of his weakness and exhaustion, he should purchase a belt for £26. As his weakness and exhaustion extended to his pocket, however, as well as to his nerves, he did not reply.

So, with patient persistence, they came down in price step by step, letter after letter, month after month, until ultimately they urged him to find salvation through a "Pulvermacher" belt at the modest sum of £1. It was handsome and generous, and some people whose nerves are not quite exhausted might think it was also profoundly suspicious.

But that is not the only example of the Institute's generosity. A lady wrote to them for a belt. When she got their quotation her nerves, pretty badly frayed, completely gave way. She did not reply. They bombarded her with letters, explaining the trouble they were taking, and enclosing envelopes for reply, and offering to accept payment by instalments, or by any reasonable arrangement she might suggest.

* * *

Still she did not reply. So they finally wrote to her to explain that they were *making her a present of* £5. Mr. A. Hale, Superintendent of the Institute, added that they were doing this to a thousand other patients, thus giving away £5,000. "I want you," said the letter, "to accept these five sovereigns, and thus obtain a high-power electrological 'Pulvermacher' appliance to dispel your ailments once and for all."

The lady felt better at once. It seemed so pleasant to begin to treat your nervous exhaustion by first of all remedying your financial depletion. Few physicians in Harley Street have the inspiration to think of things like this.

It is sad to say that the lady did not get the £5 in real money. It was explained by Mr. Hale that the present was given towards the purchase of a "Pulvermacher" appliance costing six guineas. So that for the trifling sum of £1 6s., together with the gift of £5, the lady could obtain a six-guinea instrument.

* * *

You may think this frenzied finance. We are more impressed by its moderation and restraint. On the same basis the present might have been made £1,000.

However, the £5 basis was adopted, and the lady sent along her twenty-six shillings. She did not get even her six-guinea appliance. But she got a letter pointing out that, as she was over forty, she needed stronger electric treatment. The letter also explained to her that the sciatic nerve reached "from the lumbar regions to the knee, and thence to the hee," —whatever that may mean!

The cost of the stronger treatment would be thirteen guineas, which, with the gift of £5, plus the £1 6s. already paid, left her to pay seven guineas. A gift of five pounds, which lands you in an expenditure of seven guineas, plus twenty-six shillings for the privilege of paying out, is a form of finance which might stagger a Rothschild or a Carnegie, and seems to us a grave danger to people with exhausted nerves.

* * *

As a further temptation to buy a belt you are shown an eloquent testimony in favour of the "Pulvermacher" electrological treatment from four Royal Physicians. They are Sir Charles Locock, Bt., M.D., F.R.C.P., F.R.S., D.C.L.; Sir Henry Holland, M.D.; Sir William Fergusson, M.D., and Sir J.R. Martin, C.B.

It is not possible for poor and ignorant people to look up these distinguished personages, or to seek an opportunity to consult them. We have made special investigations, and failed to reach them.

Sir Charles Locock died in July, 1875. *Sir Henry Holland in October*, 1873. *Sir William Fergusson in February*, 1877, *and Sir J. R. Martin in November*, 1874.

The Electrological Institute people say that the testimony from Sir Charles Locock needs no comment. We think otherwise. Sir Charles, *accoucheur* to Queen Victoria, yet speaketh!

We consider it a gross scandal that he should be exploited with his dead colleagues to make money for these electric belt profiteers.

Soaked—and in Raincoats!

"THE London Stores" is a name well calculated to inspire confidence, especially when it appears in conjunction with such a splendid address as 58, Haymarket, London, S.W.

The idea that "a good name is better than great riches" was no doubt present in the mind of Mr. C. E. Gaventa, of Chardmore Road, Hackney, London, E., when he decided to camouflage his own none too impressive patronymic for business purposes and trade under the above fine-sounding style.

He evidently also fully appreciated the importance of a good address in a famous shopping centre with well-known firms as neighbours, for in his advertisements he invariably mentioned that his establishment was "facing Burberrys."

But if one does not live up to one's good name, one may soon stand shamed before one's neighbours, and that is the present position of Mr. C. E. Gaventa.

The advertisements of "The London Stores" were well displayed and distributed among newspapers which circulated in all parts of the country. They were obviously designed to attract provincial custom by post. They announced a "Great Sale of Ladies' and Gents' Guaranteed Waterproof Coats." These were to be had in "Navy or Fawn, as sketch."

On each side of the announcement a cheerful-looking young woman and a handsome young man were pictorially represented wearing these garments, the price of which was only 12s. 6d. Anyone might be similarly protected against the inclemencies of autumn and winter weather by sending that sum, plus 1s. for packing and postage.

Orders from the provinces must have poured in by thousands, many no doubt influenced by the footnote: "We unreservedly guarantee to return the purchase money in full should goods fail to give satisfaction and are returned in good condition within six days."

There must be many who would gladly have availed themselves of that guarantee, but they could not return the goods for the simple reason that they never received them.

All they were favoured with was an acknowledgment of their orders and remittances, with an intimation that there might be some delay owing to the enormous number dealt with daily.

Complaints reached this office in such volume that we sent a representative to the Haymarket to investigate matters, as some of the customers had been waiting for months, and had written in vain for the return of their money.

We were not satisfied with the explanation given us, and we were on the point of warning readers against "The London Stores," when "The London Gazette" announced that a Receiving Order had been made against Mr. Gaventa.

So ends a chapter in this history of shameful trading methods.

Perverted Bishop's Infamous Schemes

One of the biggest rascals in the world is once more setting his net to catch the unwary in Britain. The authorities must nip his activities in the bud.

THE so-called "Bishop" Leadbeater, the perverted person who teaches immoral practices to boys under the guise of religion, the man who has been described in a court of law as unfit to have the control of children, is expected to return from Australia to this country.

We do not want him here. We ask the authorities to look into his sinister record, and to prevent him from landing in England.

For some time past he has been trying to raise money in Australia in order to build a great amphitheatre near Sydney. He is doing this in his capacity of "Protector of the Order of the Star in the East."

This Order, which is to prepare for the Coming of the Lord, has decided that it can arrange the Second Advent at an early date, and it has therefore resolved to have this splendid amphitheatre ready so that Christ, when He comes, may have a Temple prepared ready for Him, together with the services of this perverted and so-called "Bishop."

It is a combination of blasphemy and fanaticism. It has also, underlying it, a solid sub-structure of finance. We learn from a secret source that anybody who would like to assist in the building of this Temple can do so by cabling out a hundred pounds to "The Bishop," in return for which a front pew will be reserved in perpetuity for the donor, and his name will also be inscribed in letters of brass on the front of the seat.

In order to gull people into subscribing for this amphitheatre, they are told that six other amphitheatres will be erected in different parts of the world, including one in London. These seven Temples are to represent the "Seven Great Rays." We hope it is not irreverent to suggest to the "Bishop" that the project would be better described as the "Seven Great Raise."

But, in the meantime, the people of Australia are being urged to subscribe on the ground that the Lord might come next year, and appear first of all in Sydney. The suggestion is made that if the Sydney amphitheatre is ready first, that might draw the Lord there.

We ask the pardon of our readers for quoting this offensive blasphemy, but we do it because of the financial ramp which it covers.

For the same reasons we give further details of the proposed Temples. The first is to be erected at Balmoral in one of the most beautiful spots on the gleaming sand beaches of Sydney Harbour.

In the Temple, besides a pulpit and an auditorium, there are to be broadcasting rooms, places for teas and refreshments, and all kinds of other entertainments.

It is believed that the amphitheatre may ultimately become self-supporting, a further inducement for people to put up money in case "Bishop" Leadbeater should break down in his arrangements for ordering the Second Coming.

There are also to be concerts, lectures and eurythmic displays in the Temple, which is to cost nearly £8,000, and prospective investors are informed, with a rare stroke of financial and prophetic ability, on the authority of the Order's solicitor, that "if the Naval Base were to come to Sydney, or if Sydney, as well as Singapore were chosen the property would go up 500 per cent."

The investor has therefore the double security of both peace and war, of a Second Advent to be arranged by "Bishop" Leadbeater, and a Naval Advent to be wangled out of Whitehall.

It is pointed out that people who invest money can draw it out at any time with the consent of the Directorate, "if in its opinion circumstances allow." We do not advise anybody to attach very much importance to that prospect.

In an attempt to stimulate the flow of money, we learn that helpers at present are selling their jewellery, heirlooms and handiwork, serving at evening teashops after their day's work is done, and acting as mannequins in the fashion establishments. For all these sacrifices, "Bishop" Leadbeater is profoundly grateful. Others, it is added, exchange their nest-egg for a seat, knowing that, should it be wanted, the Directorate would do its best to release it at once.

A band of Leadbeater's pupils are already in this country getting in the propaganda work. We therefore urge people here to keep their boys away from Leadbeater, and their nest-eggs under lock and key.

Apart from the blasphemy of exploiting the Second Advent to raise money, we assure our readers that their nest-eggs will go west if they send them to the Order of the Star in the East.

Leadbeater, who has been described by Aleister Crowley, the drug-soaked head of the "Devil-Worshippers," as a "a senile sexmaniac," has trained a Hindoo boy to be the New Messiah.

Has the infamous Leadbeater trained this boy to play the necessary part in the new Temples, if and when the subscribers begin to ask for their money back? We do not know. But we do know that he is an undesirable who should not exercise his blandishments here.

The Price of a Good Time

IN this country, with its not very trustworthy climate, two out of three people suffer more or less from rheumatism. That gives the opportunity to a large number of people to exploit their sufferings, and make money out of them.

One of the profiteers in rheumatism is a man called Charles Stafford, of 150, Southampton Row, London, W.C.1. This person has written a pamphlet full of learned technical terms, which purports to explain how rheumatism is caused by uric acid, and how uric acid is eliminated by the Stafford remedy, a discovery which he made himself, and for which he charges £1 for six treatments.

He does not profess to be a doctor. If he did he would speedily land himself in trouble. But so long as he keeps clear of this, he can go on collecting money from sufferers all over the country.

The British Medical Council describe him as a person without any medical qualifications or degrees. The Medical Defence Union go one better, and roundly denounce him as a quack.

Though he does not describe himself as a doctor, it seems to us that in his pamphlet he sails pretty close to the wind.

"I want every sufferer from rheumatism," he writes, "who happens to read this little book, to realise that I claim his or her confidence, not merely as a student, as a doctor or a chemist, but as one who has severely suffered the tortures of rheumatism."

This sentence is so constructed as to be quite likely to impose upon ignorant people.

His literature is a sort of bombardment of terror. Here is a typical extract: "Consider the danger of delay. Do something to stop that threatening heart trouble. Remember the common—and true—comment, 'Yes, so-and-so died of heart failure—suffered from rheumatism.' For indeed that is the gravest and most tragic feature of uric acid in the blood. Sooner or later it *invariably* acts upon the heart."

When you are thoroughly terrorised, you send along your pound. Stafford explains that all the risk is his. That is not quite clear. But your pound is his. That is absolutely clear.

The remedy, it may be added, is in the form of pills, for which Mr. Stafford says he does not ask high prices. We suppose that there are some people to whom a pound for a few pills and some liniment may not be considered a high price. There are thousands to whom it means scraping and saving to send this money to Mr. Stafford.

The people who are suffering pain are most easily victimised by appeals of this kind, and we recommend them very strongly to seek the advice of skilled and properly trained medical men, and not of persons who intimidate them by italics about their hearts.

Finance and Finesse

A GREAT authority on finance has said that the secret of success in that department of human activity is courage. There are other people who believe that courage is not quite the word, and that it should be audacity or impudence.

The man named Henry Allen Ashton, of the London Financial Service, Ltd., 69, Fleet Street, London, E.C. 4, is evidently a believer in finance based on audacity and impudence.

In the course of a recent article on "Bucket-shop Twisters" we dealt drastically with what we called his "financial effrontery." He specialises in inviting people to pay him fees so that he can turn their businesses into limited liability companies, and so shift all financial risk and responsibility.

Ashton is also associated with a newspaper called the *Stock Exchange Mail*, which purports to be a serious financial paper, but it really is a shameless puffing propaganda sheet for the Ashton activities.

This paper, in addition to questionable financial tips, gives articles on work in the garden, sunstroke, how to keep meat in hot weather, and how to clean skin rugs, the latter perhaps being its least harmful participation in the Great Skin Game.

Our strictures did not cover Ashton the Audacious with shame or confusion, much less with repentance or remorse. He came, smiling and self-confident, to the offices of this journal, to urge upon us the desirability of withdrawing our strictures and taking an early opportunity of telling the public that he is really quite a nice fellow.

We disrespectfully and emphatically decline to do it, in spite of the fact that his company is making 100 per cent. by his share-pushing transactions, at whose expense he does not mention, but it is not hard to guess; nor even in spite of the fact that he has taken new and larger and more pretentious offices.

Even this rebuff was wasted upon the irrepressible Ashton. Failing to bulldose the Editorial Department, he had the inspiration to write direct to the Advertisement Department, stating that as a result of his interview with the Editorial side he was disposed to try this journal as a *medium* for his advertisements. And he sent one on offering to convert businesses into limited liability companies. His letter was passed to the Editorial Department—and ignored.

He is now writing to know whether it will appear, and delicately hinting that if it does it will be followed by a series.

Courage, pertinacity, impudence—call it what you will—are qualities which exude from Ashton the Audacious.

All the same we invite our readers to put his alluring circulars in the safest place for them—the waste-paper basket.

Tea Bonus Bamboozle

THE idea of anything being given away with half a pound of tea has long since passed into a byword. Nevertheless, the bonus tea business still flourishes in many working-class districts, and is productive of a plentiful crop of complaints of misrepresentation and fraud.

Housewives who might be tempted to purchase tea by the promises of door-to-door canvassers that they will receive a substantial cash bonus after a few months, should take warning from the experience of a Manchester reader.

In January last she received a visit from an agent of "The Fill-In Tea Dealers," of Brunswick Chambers, Brunswick Street, Manchester, who assured her that if she bought half a pound of tea regularly every week she would receive a cash gift of £4. This generosity, it was explained, was not made possible by reason of the poor quality of the tea supplied, but was purely an advertising scheme.

The good woman, who is in very poor circumstances owing to a long illness and unemployment, was attracted by the offer and bought the tea.

Three months later she was delighted to find her name in a printed list of customers to receive cash gifts. The amount against her name was only £2 instead of the £4 she had been promised, so she reduced her order to a quarter of a pound weekly, which, in accordance with the printed conditions, entitled her to a £2 bonus.

Her delight at her good fortune, however, was rather premature. Many weeks passed, but though the tea was delivered and the payments collected with unfailing regularity, the cash gift was unaccountably delayed, and the agent was unable to give any satisfactory reason why it was not forthcoming.

As her written applications were ignored, she reported the matter to us last month. On September 8 we wrote to the firm pointing out that as our reader's name had been advertised for six months as the recipient of a cash gift, we thought it time the money was paid to her. To this letter we received no answer.

A personal application at Brunswick Chambers elicited the coolly delivered information that "The Fill-In Tea Dealers" had gone out of business and that the bonus tea was no longer being distributed.

How many hundreds of poor working-men's wives have been bamboozled in this way we cannot say, but we know of several whose names appeared in the list of recipients of cash gifts who were unable to obtain them until they sent their menfolk to threaten personal violence if the money were not paid.

And the same individual is still carrying on a tea business at the same address under another name!

This trickery at the expense of people who can least afford to lose should be dealt with drastically by the authorities.

Football Coupon Booby Traps

The Great Winter Sport is a favourite medium with people who like to "back their fancy," but the road to fortune is not flagstoned with betting coupons.

NOW that the football season is in full swing, many of our readers are writing to ask us what we think of some of the book-making firms which specialise in betting on football results.

One of the firms about which we have received a good deal of correspondence is that of McLean and Lee, of 51 and 52, Carey Street, Chancery Lane, London, W.C. We are able to give a sidelight on the way this firm, which describes itself as "the acknowledged leading Turf and Football Accountants," conducts its business.

A client, who happens also to be a reader of JOHN BULL, made a bet with McLean and Lee, with the result that he won 35s. He did not get his money, but got instead a letter from this firm stating that the money was being placed to his credit, a procedure which, it was explained, was necessary "owing to so many of our new investors failing to remit their losses, but expecting payment when they win."

Of course the firm had no right to do this. What it means is that it was holding the money of our reader as a safeguard against the dishonesty of other people. Why should anybody be expected to guarantee the honesty of other clients of any firm?

This retention is all the more impertinent because, in their correspondence, Messrs. McLean and Lee state that "we always pay out winnings promptly." Clearly they do not. Our reader, being a man of sense, promptly wrote to them and stated that he proposed to submit the matter to us. He got his cheque in due course.

We published a little paragraph warning McLean and Lee that this kind of thing would not do. They wrote us a long letter saying that our reader's money had been withheld because they were not satisfied that the commission was posted at the proper time. This explanation is obviously an after-thought, because it is not the explanation they gave the reader himself when they withheld his money.

They also sent us a number of letters showing how damaging our small paragraph had been to their business. We think this likely to be true. One reader, for example, wrote that having noticed our warning, he would be obliged if McLean and Lee would cross his name off their list and discontinue sending coupons. It is satisfactory to know that our advice is so effectively followed.

Messrs. McLean and Lee also asked us to put them right with the public, politely informing us of their admiration for our sense of justice and reason. We declined to do so. They then wrote to us again asking us if we would kindly advise them regarding a fair, honest method by which they could eliminate the number of commissions received, which remain unpaid.

No doubt this firm would be very pleased if JOHN BULL would assist them in running their business, and if they could say so to their clients. If, however, they cannot find fair, honest methods themselves, the only thing they can expect from this journal is what they will get—frank, free and outspoken criticism.

Here is some of the outspoken criticism. This firm is endeavouring to collect its debts through a concern called the "London and Provincial Trade Protection Agency," of 23, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.

This Agency, writing for a claim of 3s. on a form specially printed for McLean and Lee, which suggests that they are being used by the score, states that in certain eventualities, "our clients will enter your name in the *Defaulters' Gazette*, and the authorities will be asked to apprehend you on the charge of attempting to obtain money by fraud."

We say plainly that a threat of this kind is most improper, because it is using the menace of the criminal law to collect money, a thing to which we therefore draw the attention of the authorities.

Alarming Food Poisoning Revelations

THE new Minister of Health, Sir William Joynson-Hicks, has a huge task before him in the big job he has now undertaken; but one of the first of his efforts should be in the direction of allaying the public alarm at the increase of cases of ptomaine poisoning traced to tinned and potted foods.

These are not the only food dangers that should be enquired into. Are the inspectors' visits to cooked food factories as thorough as they might be? The inspector who passes heaps of mysterious meat fillings for pies and lunch counter pastries stacked high on a dirty stone floor, and does not see them, can scarcely be considered thorough in his methods of inquiry.

How few are aware that bloater and other fish pastes are manufactured with American bacon fat, and that these pastes contain at times a double dose of preservative?

This fact was established some months ago in the Westminster Court, in a highly important prosecution that very obviously was only reported in a local paper. In this case, a Westminster retail grocery and provision firm were summoned for having sold bloater paste with an excessive amount of preservative contained in it.

The hearing was a protracted one and in the end an expert witness was called on behalf of the well-known London firm who were the manufacturers of the paste. He testified that such pastes were made with American bacon fat treated on the other side with preservative for export purposes.

When used for the manufacture of fish paste here, preservative was again added, and in this way the excessive quantity found in the paste was accounted for. This evidence provided the extenuating circumstances under which the defendants were lightly fined for a technical offence.

Our information is that American bacon fat is largely imported into this country for the use of manufacturers of potted and tinned foods other than fish pastes, and is further used for meat pie and other fillings mixed with meat passed through machines. At the same time tons of waste bacon and other fats are imported from America for sale to soap boilers.

That the authorities on this side have not always exercised the strict investigations they might as to the ultimate disposal of this waste fat, has been proved in an English Court of Law.

Some time previous to the Westminster Court bloater paste inquiry referred to, a well-known importer of foreign fats for soap boilers was charged and convicted for having sold, at great profit, some tons of American waste fat to various firms, other than the soapboilers with whom he was licensed to trade ordinarily. He refused to give the names of either of the firms who had bought this filth in bulk, and the authorities failed to trace them. If such a grave happening occurred, may it not be possible that it might happen again?

At an inquest held a few days ago at the London Hospital on a girl of six, the verdict was returned that she died from "infective enteritis" produced from some form of food poisoning.

Fifteen persons were poisoned a fortnight ago at Maryport by eating corned beef purchased from a local shop, but thanks to urgent remedies no one died.

The terrible tragedy at Preston where eight families have been stricken with ptomaine poisoning and two children have died, after eating potted meat purchased in local shops, has increased the public alarm.

The whole question of food dangers and food substitutes calls for urgent inquiry. The facts obtainable regarding the Preston, Maryport and London Hospital cases should be probed to their depths without fear or favour to big manufacturing importing interests.

The Health Ministry should organise a vigilance department, to which information may be directed, that may assist official investigations. Only with sound food can you look for a "sound-in-mind-and-body" people.

CARTOONETTES

and Topical Jingles

by FRANK HOLLAND

The good old Free Trade conflict
Is once more to begin:
Each battle blast will be broadcast,
And all must "listen-in."

He's said "good-bye" now to the ring,
Where Carp soon laid him low
The swan-song he is going to sing
They say is "Poor Old Joe."

Our dear, good dairymen to-day,
The patient cow are milking;
Tho' witty folks who're fond of jokes
Prefer to call it "bilking."

These devious ways can only raise
Suspicion and offence;
Let's trust to light, to honour bright,
And good sound common-sense.

SAINTS AND SINNERS

Pen Portraits of Prominent People

by HESKETH PEARSON

IT is a matter for very melancholy reflection (as Dr. Johnson would have said) that a woman like Margaret Bondfield, whose whole life has been spent in the drudgery of social work, should be rejected for Parliament, while women like Lady Astor and Mabel Russell, whose drudgery has been chiefly confined to the study of fashion-plates, should be elected. "Herculean" is the only word to describe Miss Bondfield's labours on behalf of shop-assistants, who can thank their stars that their case was advocated by such a practical and experienced reformer.

From her 'teens she has been working herself to the bone in the cause of the under-dog (though, by the way, she remains physically both chubby and jolly), and she has only now, at the age of 50, received the fitting seal of her fellow-workers' approval by being elected President of the Trades Union Congress.

THE number of congresses, conferences and committees she has attended and lectured from the early days of the Labour movement in this country, puts the record of our lady M.P.s to shame. Doubtless she would have been representing Northampton in the present House if only the local Labour Party had been able to provide sufficient cars at the General Election. She was beaten by petrol, out-voted by vehicles . . .

Like all women who take life with a desperate sincerity, her work is her hobby. To the question: "Do you play any games?" she will probably answer: "I have no time." You may pursue: "What about Sunday?" She will rejoin: "Oh, yes; I relax on Sunday." In reply to your further query as to the nature of her relaxation, she will inform you that she clears off all the work she hasn't time for during the week!

A human phenomenon, this lady, called by some an inhuman phenomenon. Certainly there is nothing sloppy or sentimental about her attitude to life. One probes deeper, feeling that there must be something in the world to free her mind from thoughts of work—a tame rabbit, perhaps, or a guinea-pig! But one is doomed to failure.

She is very secretive, flatly refusing to be drawn on any subject whatever, except social reform—on which, needless to add, she requires no drawing! From behind a barricade of papers and blue-books her eyes twinkle at the interviewer as she tells him everything he doesn't want to know; because he, naturally, wants to know all about herself—a subject that doesn't appear to interest her in the least.

On the whole, then, her absence from the House—like that of Mrs. Snowden and Maud Royden—is a tragedy. Her energetic personality, her passionate (though not hysterical) convictions, her immense knowledge of a world that is a closed-book to 99 out of 100 M.P.s, her absolute immolation of self—all these essentially non-Party qualities are sorely needed in Parliament, where they would be appreciated, even by her political opponents.

She compares very favourably with many of her male colleagues, whose mental flabbiness and jaundiced outlook have been conspicuous features of recent debates. Her vitality, not their vitriol, is the need of the hour.

Miss Margaret Bondfield

THE SECRET PUNCH—and Angel Voices

by T. W. H. CROSLAND

FOR the past few days the favourite air among all sorts of British orchestras has been "Poor Old Joe." Little boys whistle it in the streets. The other morning I heard a cheerful postman rendering it with variations on his rounds. And lest some of us happen to have forgotten the words of the time-honoured refrain, let me mention that it ends up: "I hear the angel voices calling poor old Joe."

Well, the Joe to whom this outcrop of melody refers is, of course, none other than your old friend Mr. Joseph Beckett. For appearing in a roped ring at Olympia and receiving two or possibly three nasty slaps in the chops from his "opponent," Mr. Georges Carpentier, he has been handed a bit of a cheque for £4,500, while Mr. Carpentier, the winner, is understood to have got away with round about £10,000.

Everybody possessed of powers of comment would seem to have rushed into print with remarks as to the "easiness" of the money, and people addicted to arithmetic are still telling us at the top of their voices that Mr. Beckett's emolument works out at £300 per second—which wasn't so bad even as against Mr. Carpentier's £666 a second.

I am not going to trouble you with moral reflections on the difference between giving and receiving punches at these rates of payment, and what you might call honest labour at trade union rates. When I have congratulated Mr. Beckett on the due receipt of his £4,500 and lamented in my privated heart that 10,000 beautiful English pounds should be going out of the country without the ghost of a return in the shape of goods, commodities or useful service, I am through with this part of the subject.

BUT for myself I can't help being a trifle worried about certain other aspects of the matter. There is the blow to British prestige, for example. In my young days pugilism, or to put in it the fine old "sporting" phrase, "the noble art of self-defence" (what oh!) was supposed to be a peculiarly British prerogative.

When it came to one gentleman handing another a packet with the nude fist, "dukes" or "mauleys," the French were commonly regarded as "the sheerest joke." I remember a rhymed toast which used to go more or less like this:

Here's to the French,
Who charm all beholders:
They fight with their feet
And talk with their shoulders.

Yet at a banquet given in London on the night of the Gallic victory at Olmypia, M. Carpentier, the Gallic victor, appears to have described his encounter with Britain's hope and joy, otherwise Mr. Beckett, as "the sheerest joke." And he might very reasonably have fired off a toast of another sort, viz.:

Here's to the English,
I've no words to fit 'em,
They punch in the news
And collapse when you hit 'em.

It pains me beyond measure to observe (a) that M. Carpentier's treatment of our Mr. Beckett was no new thing, but "ditto repeato" to what our Mr. Beckett had put up with (and lain down to) before; and (b) that M. Descamps, trainer of the French gentleman who is de(s)-camping with our £10,000 so to speak, has discovered a real English "pug" named Sullivan, who, out of pure kindness to the unfortunate British, he proposes to take with him to Paris and "bring along gradually" till he "blooms into a world's heavy-weight champion."

Well, I, for one, happen to be hearing a sort of angel voice which tells me that I don't like it. We, that is to say, you and any other Briton you like to mention, are already the heavy-weight champions of this footstool. And our whole and sole point is this: We don't want to fight, but by Jingo and Lord Robert Cecil, if anybody comes at us, with punches, whether secret or overt, we must be prepared with what our Mr. Beckett omitted to have handy, namely, a defence.

Human Documents

Problems that may be yours are dealt with by our great contributor "Humanist." In every case the name and address of the writer is suppressed and the letters have been slightly altered so that the authors may not be identified. Correspondents sending stamped addressed envelopes are answered through the post, in cases that are too intimate or are not of sufficient general interest to be helpful to others. Ten shillings has been sent to each of the writers of the five first letters printed on this page.

Parents or Husband?

"MY problem is rather a difficult one. I married a South African nearly two years ago, while he was in the Army.

"Now his parents need him in South Africa. He naturally enough wishes me to go with him. We also have a baby boy, age eight months, a bonnie child.

"My parents won't hear of my going with my husband. They are afraid lest I never return to England. The High Commissioner in London has promised to pay our passage out providing the money is paid back within six months.

"I feel it is my duty to go with him. Like all the rest, he has faults, but I could not wish for a better man; eager always to get on in life. If I do not go with him he is to return to Africa with his child.

"What is my life after all? What is best for me to do? Go with my husband or cling to my parents? I am nearly twenty-five years of age, so I think I am quite capable of taking care of myself."

"Humanist" says: *The answer is very simple. You must go with your husband. A wife's place is by her husband's side, not at her mother's skirts.*

A Mother with Regrets

"WHEN I was a mere girl of eighteen I had a misfortune which sometimes comes to those who love with the irresponsibility of youth. My people were wealthy and belonged to that hyper-respectable type who would pay anything rather than admit a fault of such a character. My child was therefore born in an institution, unknown to our friends and relatives, and at birth was handed over with a large premium to a working-class woman, who I suppose was eager to make money out of the transaction.

"The reason for my long absence from home, necessitated by the occurrence, was easily explained as being due to a lengthy holiday in Switzerland. To put it briefly, I must say that in the course of the next few years I lost trace of, and even forgot all about, my child, and subsequently married a wealthy middle-aged gentleman well known in legal circles.

"We are very happy, but unfortunately we have been denied what we both recognise now to be one of the joys of life—parenthood. Our sorrow is augmented by the fact that such ill-luck is likely to attend us in the future.

"Through the years I have gradually come to see the utter folly of my attitude of the past. I have longed to bring into our home the young son I should have mothered from his birth twelve years ago. My husband knows nothing of my early foolishness, but so broadminded is he that I am sure he would welcome my boy and give him the place he would have given to a son of his own.

"Last month, anticipating this attitude, I caused inquiry and a search to be made. Judge of my consternation when I found that my boy has all through the years been reared in an atmosphere of crime and immorality, and even at his early age has had experience of police attention.

"What should I do?"

"Humanist" says:—*Give the child the advantage of a good home, a mother's care, a stepfather's advice and guidance. Nobody is hopelessly bad as a mere child. And you have responsibilities to your boy as well as to your husband and your social position.*

Handicap of Deafness

"I QUITE agree with your advice to your correspondent who says she is a deaf girl and wants to take a coward's way out of her trouble. You see, Humanist, I am also deaf, and so can quite understand what she is going through. I should like to say to her, as I say to myself, thank God I can see. It is very bad being deaf, but it must be a million times worse to be blind.

"I am very glad to say I am in constant work, but of course have to take less pay than the other men who can hear, even though I do the same work. So you see, Humanist, it does not do to brood on one's disabilities, but as you say face life cheerfully, courageously, and then you won't feel like taking a coward's way out.

"Now, Humanist, can you advise me? I have lately been corresponding with a young lady in London. She is nearly twenty-one and she writes to me every week. She says she likes my letters and is always pleased to get them, but I have never told her of my deafness, as I am afraid she would drop the correspondence."

"Humanist" says:—*You cannot have the truest friendship based on concealment. If I were in your place I should tell her now, not wait until she may become too fond of you.*

Should She Tell?

"I HAVE been married twice and have just one daughter (19) by my *first* husband. Her father died ten years ago. He was a good man in every way, and so very anxious for the welfare of his wife and child. He was a very clever and studious man, but was very delicate when I married him, and when his health broke down he worried so much as *I* was not strong enough to earn the livelihood.

"He became a great sufferer and finally had to be removed to an asylum, though I believe if I had been a strong woman I could have kept him at home as he had such a gentle disposition.

"Now this is what I am worried about. When on holiday last Christmas my daughter met a young fellow who appeared to be very fond of her; in fact they appear to be devoted to each other. He is a steady, good, young man, and suitable in every way and as a mother I am pleased to know that in some future time she will have someone to care for her—as I must say that my second marriage has not been altogether a happy one, and therefore the girl has not had a happy life at times with her stepfather. So you can understand the change in her life has made her very happy. She is a very clever girl, not very strong, and very sensitive.

"Now I want to do what is right by the young man—and also my child. Ought I to tell the young man where her father died? Ought I really to tell him he went a little wrong in his mind—though I am sure it was his affliction and great suffering that really caused it? My daughter does not want me to mention it to him, but young people do not understand as their parents do."

"Humanist" says:—*I think your daughter should tell her fiance. It would be unwise of her to deceive him—it is not treating him nicely. In the circumstances it will not make any difference to his love or his desire to marry.*

The Other Man's Child

"TWO years ago I met a young lady, younger by a year than myself. During the war, still in her teens, she was married to a soldier. After a little more than a year, and just after her baby daughter arrived, he deserted her, and acting much more quickly than she, cleared out to New Zealand. This as I say happened before I met her.

"I have known her a long time and am more than fond of her; she, I know, returns the feeling she knows I have for her. Were she free and single, Humanist, I'd marry her just as soon as I was able to. She has ample evidence for a divorce against her husband (apart from desertion) and could soon be free.

"But what worries me, Humanist, is the thought of the other man. I can never be more to her than he has been; my idea of possessing a mate who has been *my* mate only must go to the wall. My few friends, older men than myself, warn me against what they call 'second hand goods.' At times when I think of it, it fills me with despair.

"And there is the child, Humanist. Am I caddish or inhuman, or what? Yet I don't care for the child, never will. It's not its fault, I know, and yet I never see it but what it reminds me of what some other man has been to the woman I care for."

"Humanist" says:—*If you do not love the girl enough to make a home for her child, do not seek her in marriage. Your friends who speak about "second hand goods" talk like cads.*

"THE WOMAN PAYS."—I have received your donation, but could not acknowledge, as you gave no name or address.

A Cool Request.

"Can you put me in touch with a nice English girl? I am half-English, living in Cape Town, and am well educated."

Certainly not. I am not a matrimonial agency, and my experience of people who make requests like yours does not predispose me in their favour.

A Heart Affair.

"I have been told to give up cigarette-smoking, as it is affecting my heart. I cannot do without my cigarettes."

I cannot help you if you will not help yourself. You are a very foolish young man. Make a real effort.

The Old Man's Will.

"My father is eighty. He is very much under the influence of his clergyman, who assisted him to make his will, leaving half his property to me and the rest to a church orphanage. What can I do?"

Not very much. After your father's death you can dispute the will on the grounds of undue influence. Collect all the evidence you can.

A Sister's Fortune.

"My brother is endeavouring to float a company for the manufacture and sale, on a large scale, of hairpins and curlers. Being a girl of the world I think these things will go out of fashion soon. Yet my brother says there is a lot of money in it, and is using some of my money—held in trust by him—for the venture."

He has no right so to use your money. Make him restore it at once. You, and you only, can decide how to invest your money.

The Legacy of Evil.

"I am a thief. I can't help it. Only in very occasional moments of remorse do I repent. Something in my blood makes me bad. I am only twenty-two and have just completed three months, after several reformatory sentences. *How* can I conquer my inherited obsession?"

Only by making a resolute effort. Don't believe that you must fail. You need not. You will be ever so much happier if you resolve to make this a real winning battle.

Buried Gold.

"Years ago my employer, now dead, lost sixty pounds in gold. Or, at least, he pretended to have lost it. For months my mistress searched everywhere without success. The other day, in taking the old disused piano to pieces, I found the bag of gold."

An honest woman must act honestly. There is no other answer. It is not your money: you cannot keep it and retain your self-respect.

Courage in Business.

"I have an excellent proposit in for getting soap from clay. I have submitted privately to a very influential friend of mine in the Government, and he is very impressed. But in these days of keen competition how can I, a 'small' man, expect to beat the 'big'?"

It will probably be a hard struggle, but no one would ever get to the top if they funked the beginning. The chances for the poor man in commerce to-day are as great as ever.

The Blackmailing Friend.

"My only girl friend, who shares "digs" with me, has somehow found out that I am an Italian Jewess and illegitimate, and that my father is in jail in Rome for robbery. She threatens to tell my fiancé, whom she is anxious to take from me. I feel on the verge of suicide."

Do not be ashamed of being illegitimate. It is not your fault, nor are you to blame because you have a bad father. If your lover is a man he will not alter because of spiteful interference. If he is not a man, you are better without him.

Sex and Religion

A Word to the Churches

by GILBERT FRANKAU

THE Church has awakened to the realisation that there are vital subjects in our everyday lives that call for deep study and thought. For the first time the Christian Churches are co-operating in a scientific inquiry, and Sex—which has hitherto been regarded as something dangerous and even evil—will be one of the questions under discussion. Our contributor's views on this ecclesiastical activity will be read with interest.

GILBERT FRANKAU,

Poet, novelist and playwright, whose penetrating studies of modern social life have won him fame in two continents.

I READ in one of my newspapers: "The Christian Churches, including the Roman Catholic, will this autumn and winter co-operate in a scientific inquiry into matters affecting the social, civic and political life of the people." And my newspaper goes on to say, "Under the Church organisation of 'Copec' (Conference on Christian Politics, Economics and Citizenship) hundreds of study circles are to discuss such questions as education, property and industry, crime, leisure and sexual relations—the results of such discussions being forwarded to a Commission of Church experts who will then prepare their report for the Conference to be held next Spring."

NOW credal religion—that is, the formal *man-made* doctrine of Christianity, as apart from the *Christ-made* Christianity which has nothing whatever to do with any formal doctrine—can be a very fine thing. When, however, the exponents of credal religion, the ordinary every-day Churchmen who conduct its ceremonies, send out "one hundred and twenty thousand copies of questionnaires" on such controversial topics as Education, Politics, Property and *Sexual Relations*, I feel that I must join issue with these exponents of credal religion and inform them with no uncertain voice that they are wasting their time, neglecting their true functions, and exceeding the authority granted to them under the laws of our State.

To begin with, then, I should like to remind these Churchmen of the basic facts that the whole constitution of this country rests on the broad principle of religious tolerance, and that the whole history of the people who inhabit this country is one of struggle against religious interference with civic functions. We, as a people, originally broke loose from the Church of Rome and founded our own Church of England because the Church of Rome at that time honeycombed with corruption, was attempting to tyrannise over the social, civic and political life of this people. After that break, moreover, we established, as the definite and definitive axiom of our constitution that the Church is subject to the State, and not the State subject to the Church. In other words, we separated a man's religion from his politics, granting to each individual citizen the right of his own individual judgment on all matters affecting his material welfare.

That right, based on the separation of religion from politics, exists to this day. And I maintain, with all the stoutness at my command, that any attempt to tamper with it, to interfere with the political or economic life of this people, will react, instantly, to their own detriment.

This kind of conduct on the part of those who ought to be our *spiritual* leaders will not do. The average individual citizen of this country will not tolerate it. Nor will he give his allegiance to any form of credal religion which seeks, either officially or unofficially, to mix things temporal with things spiritual, or the Church with the State.

AND when we come to the question of the Church's interference in economic problems, we are, I think, as citizens, on even more certain ground if we take the most resolute of resolute standpoints against it. For how can the Church which, thanks to our broad religious tolerance, is the largest property-owner in the United Kingdom, take a disinterested view on the subject of property? How can the Church which, notoriously, conducts its property-owning business in such a way that many of its ministers are not in receipt of a living wage, give us any advice worth having on the vexed question of our own wages? How can the Church discuss the Christianisation of industry while drawing rent from one single slum-property in these Islands?

NO! Again I say that this kind of conduct on the part of those who ought to be our spiritual leaders will not do. Politically, as we have already seen, all history denies them the right to tamper with our individual liberties; while economically, even their advice is worse than useless until they have put their own house in such order that it will be a model and not a byword, a body so efficient that other organisations can copy its excellences rather than avoid its blunders.

If what I have so far written on this most important subject should have given offence to any of those millions of people in this country who believe in the Church of Christ as apart from the Church of Man, I am truly sorry. Nevertheless, I cannot retract a word. Did not the Founder of the Christian faith Himself say, "Render unto Cæsar those things which are Cæsar's"; and are not we, the British people, ourselves Cæsar, masters, under no Church, of our own imperial destiny?

SO much, then, for one aspect of this extremely ill-advised Conference. Now for the other, more controversial aspect of it.

Quoting for the last time from my newspaper, I find that the following questions among others are being sent out in their tens of thousands to these Church study-circles:—

Is relaxation or restraint in the present social relations of the sexes desirable?

What is the purpose of marriage?

When is a Christian minister justified in saying, "This will not be a true or Christian marriage, and therefore I cannot solemnise it?"

HERE, of course, our Churchmen are on slightly safer ground, because, largely owing to our national sentimentalism and hypocrisy, very few publicists have yet dared entirely to separate sex questions from religious questions, or to make clear to the man-in-the-street that though a clergyman may marry a man and a woman spiritually before the altar, that marriage only becomes *legal* after the register has been signed in the vestry. In other words, that our constitution, while granting the Church every facility for conducting its own ceremonies in the way most pleasing to its own communicants, does not allow it to set itself, as the Church of Rome sets itself, above the Civil Law.

When, therefore, this Conference asks when a Christian minister is justified in refusing to solemnise a marriage, it is merely wasting its time—for if that minister does not solemnise the marriage, a registrar will, and the only result of the minister's intolerance will be to drive two people, apparently anxious to communicate, out of the Church.

AND again, when we take the first of the questions asked, what about relaxation or restraint in the social relations of the sexes? Surely this, too, human individuals being what they are, is an utterly futile and an utterly intolerant one.

Mark those words "intolerance" and "intolerant," for in them you have the whole gist of the credal religionist's attitude on this very vexed subject of sex.

LET us consider for a moment the credal religionists' views about divorce. Our divorce laws, as any lawyer will tell you, are an outrage on all the decencies, a scandal and an offence to the mind of every sane-thinking citizen. We tie women for life to drunkards, drug-fiends, homicidal maniacs, thieves and murderers. We tie men, for the period of their natural existence, to women who are fitted neither for wifehood nor for motherhood, for a man's work nor a man's leisure.

And all these people remain so tied because, whenever some humane individual makes any attempt to reform these outrageous laws, he is foiled and baffled at every turn by the hard-faced organised opposition of the Episcopal vote. Nor even do those poor illegitimate children, born out of wedlock of parents who subsequently marry, secure one mite of support for the cause they cannot fight themselves from the Church whose spiritual head is He who commanded, "Suffer little children to come unto me."

For the man-made Church as apart from the Christ-made Church is still the tyrant, still clings to its last remnant of material authority, its authority over the most intimate relationship between human beings, the relationship of sex. And it is—or so at least it seems to me—because a few exponents of credal religion feel such authority to be so rapidly waning, that those last questions have been added to the many sent out by this futile Conference on Christian Politics, Economics and Citizenship.

I STARTED this article by saying that the Churchmen behind this Conference were neglecting their true functions. Let me conclude it by reminding them what those true functions really are, by reiterating that the Christ-Force is a force spiritual and not a force material, a bond of love over the soul and not a chain about the body.

When the Church remembers this; when, instead of seeking domination over our material activities, it returns to its older, humbler duties of comforting us in tribulation, of consoling us in disaster, of nourishing our sense of the ideal and of uplifting our sense of the humanities, then and then only will it be again revivified, again the Christ-force, again that Great Torch, the light of whose beams shall pierce our material darkness.

Candid Communications

(Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Notorieties, and Occasionally Nonentities)

To the Rt. Hon. J. R. CLYNES, M.P., Westminster.

SIR,—It is satisfactory to hear you say that the Labour Party is as constitutional and as patriotic as any other. Help to make it also as practical. You are still chasing the rainbow in calling for a capital levy. What is wanted is more capital to put into industry, not less. You will not help Labour by filching capital from industrial channels to give it to the Government to squander on foreign commitments. To rob the industrial Paul to pay the income tax Peter is to feed the dog on his own tail. JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. W. C. BRIDGEMAN, M.P., Home Secretary.

SIR,—One of your functions is to temper justice with mercy. A year ago the Recorder of Liverpool sentenced a prisoner—because he had no option. But, as he believed this prisoner was a mental, rather than a criminal case, he took the unusual step of writing to the Home Office, the only department that could intervene, asking for mercy for this man. He got a bald acknowledgment of this letter, and has heard nothing since. A similar problem has now arisen, and he refuses to write to you, because he has not received "ordinary civility" from your Department! If you will not listen to a learned judge asking for mercy, to whom will you listen? This hide-bound apathy brings the law into contempt. Your Office shares the disgrace. JOHN BULL.

To Lady ASTOR, M.P., House of Commons.

MY LADY,—Much of the work that you have done to improve the social conditions of the people of this country has met with my approval, and I always give credit where it is due. But when I find you raising your voice to add to the noise already being made about the awful "immorality" in our parks I respectfully part company with you. It doesn't seem to occur to you that if our young people had decent houses to settle down in they would not conduct their courtships under the eyes of those who see evil in a kiss, perdition in a hug. Help to get these houses, to give them happy homes and warm hearths, and don't talk so much about these "evil forces." JOHN BULL.

To Mr. R. SMART RODGER, Coroner of Salford, Lancs.

SIR,—Give me your hand! It is refreshing to meet a man with a head—and heart. Recently you said you were tired of hearing suicide stories and that you would prefer to get in touch with unlucky devils before they took to the irrevocable step. Hardly had you expressed this wish than a poor fellow came to you for help—and got it. He was the forerunner of many more, and to one and all you have given the same kindly sympathy and advice. I wish there were a few more men like you. Salford must be mighty proud of its coroner. I am. JOHN BULL.

HUSH! HUSH!

NURSE BALDWIN: "I wish the doctor would come!"

To Mr. CHRISTIAN RAKOVSKY, Russian Trade Delegation, London.

SIR,—Now that you have arrived in this country and the controversy over your anti-British remarks has ended, it is up to you to prove that you are here to work *with* us for peace and prosperity. As head of the Russian Delegation, you have unique opportunities for developing the trade and friendship of the two countries, and you will find that if you are fair to Britain, no country is more likely to give you a square deal. JOHN BULL.

To Sir BRODRICK HARTWELL, Dale Hall, Essex.

DEAR WHISKY-RUNNER,—Aren't you thoroughly ashamed of yourself? Apart altogether from the ridiculous assurances you give to prospective subscribers in your whisky-running schemes, doesn't it occur to you that, as a Knight of England, you might occupy your time with more gentlemanly pastimes? Heaven knows I hold no brief for American prohibition laws, but to find you smuggling liquor for the booze buddies of Broadway fills me with disgust. Will you be surprised if you lose your knighthood? JOHN BULL.

To the Rt. Hon. VISCOUNT DEVONPORT, Chairman, Port of London Authority.

SIR,—Did you hear of the death of George Henry Petherick? "Petherick?" you say, "Can't remember the name!" Let us remind you of it. He was a man of sixty-seven years, forty-seven of which had been spent in your employ. Too old for work, your department rewarded his long service by a pension grant of five shillings a week! Think of it! The poor old fellow brooded and then committed suicide. Do you think you'll remember the name in future? JOHN BULL.

To EVAN WILLIAMS, Esq., Spokesman for the Mine-owners.

SIR,—Have you read the epic story of the Falkirk pit disaster? The whole of Britain has thrilled at the rescues, shuddered at the horror of the entombment, wondered that men have to face such daily dangers. Surely they deserve a fitting return for their work and hardships. Are they getting it? The miners and owners are again in clash over wages! The shame of it! If you would reorganise the whole industry and cut out the profits of the middleman, there would be more money for the workers. JOHN BULL.

To Sir ARCHIBALD BODKIN, K.C., Public Prosecutor.

SIR,—Mr. G. Stuart Robertson, Industrial Assurance Commissioner, winding up the affairs of the City Mutual Assurance Society, said that the only person who benefited from the concern was the Secretary, Mr. J. E. H. Henderson, who promoted it and carried it on "for his own ends." He took more than fifty per cent. of the money collected from the public, and made a loan to himself of half the balance. He has been ordered to repay the loan. But what does your Department exist for, if not to protect the victims of plunder of this kind? Scandals of this nature are getting far too common. JOHN BULL.

To JOHNNY SULLIVAN, Covent Garden Market.

DEAR JOHNNY,—I hope that Carpentier's Manager, Descamps, is right when he says you may turn out to be a heavy-weight champion and a White Hope. He thinks you have the head for the game. You have the heart for it also, because you want to repay your Uncle, Billy Doherty, for starting you on your career. Nell Gwynn once made Covent Garden famous. You may make history repeat itself. Avoid the example of other champions, who developed swelled head in the hour of success; and remember John L. Sullivan's favourite quotation, "There never was a man called Sullivan who wasn't a first-class fighting man." JOHN BULL.

Without Fear or Favour

CRYING ALOUD FOR BREAD!

Smash the Rings

WE shall be disappointed in the new Minister of Health, one of the most vigorous of Mr. Baldwin's colleagues, if he does not take steps to deal with the profiteers whose extortion holds up housing.

The building "rings" are still rampant. Prices of building materials—bricks, slates, glass, cement—are in some cases as much as three hundred per cent. above the pre-war level, a state of affairs for which, in the opinion of practical experts, there is no sort of justification. No wonder the house famine continues.

Thousands of men in the building trade are idle, and will be while the present prices prevail. The profiteer is costing the taxpayer thousands of pounds annually in unemployment doles. Reasonable prices would at once create an active demand for houses, instantly absorbing a vast quantity of labour.

That the prices can be reduced without hardship to anyone every builder knows. They represent a profit which is excessive and unconscionable. The building profiteer battens on the want and misery of his fellow creatures. He is the enemy of the people and should receive no quarter.

If simple and effective steps were taken by the Ministry of Health to break up the building rings, the cost of building a £1,200 house might easily be reduced to £800.

Here is a test of practical statesmanship. The Government must act.

Jail Suicides

WHAT is the object of punishing the criminal? Partly, no doubt, to deter others from following his evil example. Also, we must add, if we have outgrown the pagan code, to reform the criminal, to give him another chance, to convert him into a decent member of society.

Does our prison system achieve this humane and salutary process? Does Borstal redeem erring youth? Does the "reformatory" school reform?

As a rule, it is not the long term prisoner who takes his life. What breeds this bitter despair in the breasts of those who often for some relatively light offence have been made acquainted with the rigours of the jail?

It may be doubted whether the sting of punishment alone drives men to suicide. Self-destruction implies the loss of hope, the quenching of courage in despair, the paralysis of the soul. Are such tragedies inseparable from our prison system? Conscience and humanity say "No."

After all, the best thing we can do to the criminal is to turn him into an honest citizen. Are our laws shaped to this end?

What the toll of unemployment means

GET our people back to work! That should be the first and final aim of the Imperial Conference. All other matters—national or domestic—pale into insignificance in face of this pressing problem.

THE Imperial Conference must not be allowed to degenerate into a mutual admiration society. Fine speeches are all very well in their way, but proverbially they "butter no parsnips," and pretty compliments cannot dispose of ugly facts.

Two million men and women are walking the streets without a glimmer of hope, helpless and despairing, fast losing their faith in God and man! It is of these silent legions that the King's Ministers should be thinking. They may not be silent for ever. We are running terrible risks.

The Conference must get down to realities. Its absurdly crowded agenda must be simplified, and across its first page must be written in red letters the one word—Unemployment. It is an Imperial as well as a national problem.

The Empire can enjoy neither health nor wealth while this canker eats at its heart. The Dominions will be strong and prosperous in proportion as the Motherland is strong and prosperous, for the British Commonwealth is an organic whole, and not one of its component nations can live unto itself.

It is idle to pretend that all is well. The Dominion Prime Ministers must be told the truth. The fact that millions of our people are fighting a losing battle with want and hunger must be brought home to their minds and imaginations.

THEY will not be lacking in sympathy, for they are our kith and kin. They know we bore the main brunt of the war's grim cost. They should know also that since the Armistice we have spent four hundred millions in saving the unemployed from starvation. Added to this there is the American debt and interest on internal war loans.

No nation can stand such a drain upon its capital for long. Every other question on the agenda of the Imperial Conference pales into insignificance beside the paramount necessity of getting our people back to work at decent wages, and so enabling them to play their part as citizens of the Empire. Unless this end is kept in view, the Conference will have met in vain.

"Civilisation," wrote Anatole France, "rests upon the patience of the poor." Yes; but they can be provoked too far, as we may read on the page of history.

The pleasant debating society speeches at the Imperial Conference are poor entertainment for the starving millions.

WE have had enough promises. In one respect, like pie-crust, they are even less nourishing. The working man out of a job, dependent on the hated dole for the bare necessities of existence, is at the end of his patience.

From the politicians he now demands deeds, not words. Either Ministers must confess that the problem is beyond their powers, and in that case make way for better men, or they must come forward with a bold productive scheme superseding doles and idleness by the one thing needful—Work.

The Imperial Conference should postpone every other question. In the few brief weeks there will be room for little else.

The easy drawing-room manner which seems to be the vogue at the Conference must give place to a more earnest mood. The nation is hungry and expectant. Strong men are dying of despair; women's hearts are breaking; children are perishing of hunger. This is no time for academic discussions or high-brow debates on matters of no immediate importance.

"Save us or we perish" is the cry of the unemployed millions. It must be heard in Downing Street, and answered.

Callous Doctors

THE authorities display a strange leniency in dealing with panel doctors who neglect their patients. The other day a Middlesex practitioner who invented some flimsy excuse for not answering an urgent call at the relatively early hour of 11 p.m. was fined £10.

Such trivial penalties, and even in much worse cases they are seldom heavier, are scarcely calculated to inspire careless doctors with a more wholesome respect for their duty.

In our view the neglect of patients by their panel attendants is an offence calling for condign punishment. In serious cases it should entail removal from the panel—a penalty few offenders would view with unconcern.

The State-insured patient is entitled to a square deal. The panel doctors are well paid; at this very moment they are haggling fiercely over the proposal to revise their fees. Yet we learn that in an average year as many as a hundred of them are fined for neglecting their patients.

The remedy lies in stricter discipline. If the medical profession in general cannot impose its own high standards upon the few black sheep among its members, the State must take drastic action for the protection of its citizens.

Trifling fines are a mockery of justice in cases of grave dereliction of duty. By all means let the panel practitioner be generously paid, but it must be upon the understanding that neglect of duty will be punished as it deserves.

Europe's Muckheap

STRANGE that after the war's clear lessons we should be emigrating the best of our citizens and receiving the scum of the earth in exchange. Must we for ever be the dust-heap of Europe?

The Home Office orders regulating the admission of aliens to this country are a mockery and a delusion.

In spite of regulations, the blunt fact is that the offscourings of Europe are finding their way to our foolishly hospitable shores. Many of these unwelcome visitors are criminals who have actually been deported from this country, only to return at the first opportunity by cheating the Aliens law.

The revolutionary movement in Great Britain, the strength of which may easily be under-rated, is largely manned by foreign disciples of the Red Flag, who dare not show their faces in their native lands.

There should be closer co-operation between the police authorities in Great Britain and on the Continent in the supervision of these undesirables. We want no foreign incendiaries.

People Who Should be Killed?

by A GENTLEMAN WITH A DUSTER

(Author of "The Mirrors of Downing Street," etc.)

DR. HAUSWITH'S suggestion that incurable invalids and lunatics should be put to death to end their sufferings has met with considerable hostility. Yet the conditions of life to many people are no better than death! This tremendous problem is dealt with here in sympathy and understanding.

IN the Personal Column of the *Times*, sandwiched between signals of distressed lovers and announcements of lost jewellery, I come across the following advertisement of a cure for worry:

> "HE that believeth shall be saved." It is faith that carries us through. Doubts and fears are not marks of God's children; they are remnants of the old nature, specks on the eye of faith. You should give them no quarter.—L. H.

"L. H." must not be dismissed as a crank. A famous surgeon once said to me: "We are all Christian scientists—*after the operation.*"

But how differently this advertisement must have struck various people in the vast hotch-potch of London. Picture the gentle spinster in Knightsbridge, with six or seven servants to look after her, a well-padded carriage for her drive in the Park, the latest books from the library on a table beside her sofa, interesting needlework in her jewelled fingers, gracious friends coming in day after day to drink tea with her and to relate the gossip of the town: how perfectly the advertisement of "L. H." would harmonise with her morning prayers, her daily reading of the Bible, her subscription to the Church Missionary Society.

OR picture the old gentleman of Wimbledon, settled down in an armchair drawn to a cheerful fire, smoking his first pipe after a good breakfast, and glancing through the advertisements in the *Times* before he turns to growl at the news—news of a world always in turmoil, of a human race never settling down to earn dividends: how wise the words of "L. H." would appear to this comfortable old man; they might even revive for a moment memories of his youth when religion awoke in his heart the ideals of self-sacrifice.

But how would this advertisement strike the man out of work? Picture him in a basement-cellar with his wife and children, another man with wife and children sharing the dismal place: picture the scene till every sordid detail presses on your mind like a pain and you become aware even of the foul atmosphere breathed by these hungry and hopeless human beings.

OR, how would the idea of "L. H." strike a lonely woman lying on a filthy mattress in a dark unfriendly garret, tortured by the cutting agonies of cancer? Or, how would it strike the painted girl with numbed nerves walking the hard pavements for hours together, her burning feet squeezed into shoes specially cut for her purpose on the last of lust, the tired glances of her darkened eyes divided between fear of the policeman in the shadows and hopes of the returning reveller in the lamplight. What would the words of "L. H." mean to scores of thousands of such girls—British women with no place in the homes of men?

"It is faith that carries us through." Agreed. But for how many people is faith possible? Is it a living truth for all men, or only a soothing-syrup for the lucky ones? Is it the daily bread of sweating humanity, or merely the sugared cake of a pampered few? "Doubts and fears" says "L. H.," "are not the marks of God's children." If this indeed be true, how small is God's family. Doubts and fears, doubts that sicken, and fears that terrify, these are the lot of millions and millions of our British nation.

The other day Dr. Hauswith, a physician of Berne, proposed to the Medical Council at Geneva that "incurable invalids and lunatics should be put to death painlessly, in order to end their sufferings." This proposal, we read, met with "a very hostile reception." Many proposals have met with a like fate at the outset. William Harvey's idea that blood circulates through the body outraged medical science. We must not dismiss Dr. Hauswith as a villain or a fool because the Medical Council scouted his proposal.

WE kill a murderer, selfishly and brutally, to protect ourselves. May we not kill a human being, unselfishly and painlessly, to end his pain? There are people in India who let a horse die in torture rather than destroy life, and even bestow care in lying down lest they crush the loathsome parasites which prey upon their bodies. Are we to learn from these Asiatics the way of mercy? Are we to rest content in putting a dog out of its misery, but not a man?

Life is well worth living, and suicide a great sin, when the conditions are right. But the conditions of life for the overwhelming majority of our race are bad conditions, conditions which darken the mind and destroy the soul.

Democracy claims that every human being should be given the chance to make the best of life. This means that the conditions should be right, not wrong. At present they are not right. They are as right as money and discipline can make them for the certified lunatic and the sentenced criminal; but are they right for the sane mechanic out of work, and for the youth of the nation running to seed in idleness? Are we as proud of our efforts to keep the healthy

Charles P. Childe, F.R.C.S., President, British Medical Association, has said that to stop tuberculosis we must first abolish slums.

and youthful citizen in right conditions, as of our success in prolonging the lives of the unhealthy, the insane, and the criminal, those whom Nature, left to herself, would ruthlessly stamp out?

The Prime Minister has well charged us all to put away cant. Let us make a beginning now. Are we satisfied with life as it is? Is it managed efficiently? Does it commend itself to our reason and to our feelings? We permit human beings to live in pain which science cannot cure; and physicians, who should be serving the health of the nation, are employed in prolonging these useless and sorrowful lives. Is that sane? Is that kind? We set up a vast machinery to maintain in health and happiness a multitude of lunatics who would never have been born if the conditions of life had been right for their parents. Is that rational? Is it mercy? And what do we do for the multitude, for the workers, the heroic army of men and women who carry our fortunes to the future? We leave them in slums unfit for cattle, and fling them a pittance when out of work. Is *that* sane? Is *that* merciful?

LET me say this: he who thinks of religion as a trinket for the comfortable, and of civilisation as a convenience for the upper classes, is fit for the madhouse and more than anyone else in the world deserves a passport to the lethal chamber. Not until the conditions of life are right for all men can religion enter the hearts, or civilisation make its dwelling in the homes, of the people.

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HAPPILY there are still a few do not take their marching M. Poincaré and are at lib word occasionally in the int own country.

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BUT that is not all. It is not nearly M. Poincaré has stopped the rep belong to us as well as to France, h himself in another way. He has vast quantities of goods in the Ruh the inhabitants of the country. is an elegant word for an inelegant t burglar, armed to the teeth, breaks of an unarmed citizen, and appropri teapots and so on, we do not say "confiscated" the goods. We say stolen them.

Now these goods which have b prefer plain speech in these matters— are masses of various manufactured They include textiles, leather go goods, building material, food, s electric goods, paper goods, iron ar and so on. It is well to particularis

"Laws which violate a community's personal rights, inevitably tend to violation of law."

The Failure of Prohibitio

"Pussyfoot" Johnson.

MR. JOHN SMITH, of Britain, is a person of many noble and lamb-like virtues; but if he should ever allow Mr. Pussyfoot to lull him to sleep with his fairy tales of Prohibition's effect in the United States, and to bind him with such fetters as actually gag the individual's natural appetites in the Land of Freedom, Mr. John Smith would surely prove himself no better than an ass.

Consider what it is that Mr. Pussyfoot asks us to believe. He tells us in effect that under the coercion which makes the drinking of a glass of beer a heinous criminal offence, the Bird of Freedom is as pleased and grateful as the merry morning lark; that the famous Mr. Dooley has been content to close his bar, and Mr. Hennessy to be permanently "thrun out," without a word of protest; that the Bret Harte revellers of Roaring Camp and Poker Flat now go home to tea as placidly as the Rev. Hopley Porter, or sing beautiful temperance hymns in their saloons as they sip their sheep's milk-and-water cocktails.

Is the pretty tale true? Is such sudden conversion likely? Accredited evidence suggests doubt. The Detroit *News* has recently published the sensational result of an inquiry which shows, on the testimony of the local Police Commissioner, that there are more places now where "whisky" can be bought than before Prohibition.

An investigator found "blocks" where every house—150 *of them in one block*—is a "bootleg stand" or "blind pig!" The stuff sold in these places is deadly poison.

Yet we are assured that the entire U.S. army would not be big enough to enforce Prohibition in Detroit. Some prosecutions take place, but the chances of conviction are not more than 1 in 144. The illicit trade is protected by a new underworld of professional "killers" who are readily frenzied to murder by crazy fear of losing their huge and easy profits. Ninety-seven known

corpses and hundreds more fished f or found in suburb ditches bear m to the jungle spirit raised by the tra

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A Receiver of Stolen Goods!

by A. G. GARDINER

THE Ruhr deadlock is responsible for more than the stoppage of the reparations that covered, at least, the cost of our Rhine army. How it is ruining British trade and swelling the already overcrowded ranks of our unemployed is revealed in this powerful article.

HAPPILY there are still a few papers which do not take their marching orders from M. Poincaré and are at liberty to say a word occasionally in the interests of their own country.

One of them is the *Financial News*. In that journal the other day there appeared an article which throws an illuminating search-light on one aspect of the Ruhr business, and also on one of the causes of our million and a half of unemployed. No one except a reader of the Rothermere Press needs to be told now that M. Poincaré's brigandage in the Ruhr has stopped the payment of reparations, from which up to last year we received sufficient to cover the cost of our army at Cologne.

We have now, thanks to M. Poincaré, the privilege of paying that cost ourselves, a little matter of some tens of millions a year.

BUT that is not all. It is not nearly all. Although M. Poincaré has stopped the reparations which belong to us as well as to France, he has recouped himself in another way. He has "confiscated" vast quantities of goods in the Ruhr belonging to the inhabitants of the country. "Confiscated" is an elegant word for an inelegant thing. When a burglar, armed to the teeth, breaks into the house of an unarmed citizen, and appropriates his silver teapots and so on, we do not say that he has "confiscated" the goods. We say that he has stolen them.

Now these goods which have been stolen—I prefer plain speech in these matters—from the Ruhr are masses of various manufactured commodities. They include textiles, leather goods, motoring goods, building material, food, soap, tobacco, electric goods, paper goods, iron and steel goods, and so on. It is well to particularise these things. They will have a meaning in the light of what follows, for many of our unemployed who have been engaged in the production of such things and are now on the streets.

WHAT has become of these gleanings? They have taken the place of reparations and as reparations they would naturally belong to us as much as to France. But I think this country would have decency enough to refuse to be the receivers of stolen goods, even if they were offered to us.

But they are not offered to us. They are reserved as plunder for the French exclusively. Now let us see what becomes of them. Being stolen goods they are cheap goods, and the French manufacturers are not the sort of people who will permit cheap stolen goods to be dumped on their markets to compete with their own products. So they have to go abroad.

And this brings me to the article in the *Financial News*. In this article the writer publishes a circular issued by a Paris firm offering these goods for sale in the English market. It is such a delightfully brazen document that I venture to reproduce it, leaving out only one or two unimportant passages:—

> Dear Sirs,—We have the pleasure to inform you that we have at present for sale very important quantities of goods which have been confiscated by the French and Belgian Customs authorities in the occupied districts of Germany. (Enclosed, please find full list.)
>
> The predominant part of these goods is new; all of them have been manufactured quite recently in Germany and can be delivered immediately. . . Our terms are: Cash payment immediately after the conclusion of the deal on the spot.
>
> We take the liberty of drawing your attention to the fact that *we have bought the goods under particularly favourable conditions*, and therefore we should be pleased to secure to you a considerable profit.
>
> Awaiting your early reply, we remain,

The italics are mine. There is an engaging naïveté about the words that deserves italics. "*We have bought the goods under particularly favourable conditions.*"

Sir Philip Lloyd-Greame, President of the Board of Trade, whose attention we urgently draw to the facts here disclosed.

In other words, these goods having been stolen are not handed over to the Reparations Commission on account of reparations. They are not passed on to the French consumer as a *bonne bouche*. They are not even allowed to be sold in France on nominal terms or to be given away to institutions. They are handed over "on particularly favourable conditions" to French profiteers and now these gentry are engaged in disposing of them in this country to compete with our home manufactures, sharing the plunder with any English traders who are degraded enough to take a hand in this traffic in stolen goods, by which honest British industry is further depressed and British workmen are flung on to the streets to swell the hosts of the unemployed.

I WILL say nothing about the morality of this business. For one thing, I don't think I can find any words adequate to the occasion. Nor will I pause to ask whether any reader of the Rothermere Press has seen a whisper in its columns of this monstrous attack on British interests. It is more useful at the moment to ask how that attack is to be met. I am a Free Trader. I believe that Free Trade is the only condition upon which the great artificial structure of this country can exist.

But I have my reservations even on this cardinal matter. I do not believe in Free Trade for Stolen Goods. I am all for the Open Door for honest competition. The Open Door means that we get our raw materials at bed-rock prices and can produce the manufactured goods by which we live on terms that enable us to hold our place in the world market. But this is not a question of raw materials. It is a question of manufactured materials. It is a question of manufactured materials not honestly bought and paid for, but stolen and competing therefore on terms which put our own manufactures out of count.

AGAINST such squalid "trading" we must bang and bolt the door. Manufacturers and trade unionists alike should combine to compel the Government to take the most drastic measures against this impudent assault on their interests. I am aware that that will not entirely scotch the traffic. The stolen goods will go elsewhere. They will go into markets in which we trade and in which in consequence of this dirty competition we shall be beaten. But that phase of the matter we cannot control.

We can, however, control our home market. We can say that we will not allow the competition of stolen goods in England. We should say it in a very loud voice that the world can hear.

And we should say it at once.

e Failure of Prohibition

by ALEXANDER M. THOMPSON

Flat now go home to tea as Rev. Hopley Porter, or sing ice hymns in their saloons as p's milk-and-water cocktails. true? Is such sudden conver- edited evidence suggests doubt. s has recently published the of an inquiry which shows, on the local Police Commissioner, e places now where "whisky" n before Prohibition.

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Knives flash in the dark, shots crackle in the night, and next morning the victims' bodies lie unindentified in the Morgue. This grim picture of Prohibition's results is confirmed by the U.S. Attorney-General's recent report to President Coolidge, proclaiming the prosecution of "millionaires, scions of the nation's aristocracy, high officials of the Federal and State Governments, and a member of the judiciary"; and it's a "sordid story of assassination, bribery, and corruption."

Governors of three States, which have been notably "dry" for years, told the late President Harding that "there has been a slump in enforcement since Federal Prohibition." Governor Ritchie told the President that "the great majority of the people of Maryland believe that the Volstead law simply cannot be enforced."

As to the probable effects of such a system on the people of this island, they are significantly foreshadowed by the effects of Sunday closing in Wales. A special correspondent of Labour's official organ—which is certainly not out to disparage the class it represents—has lately heralded the fact that "on Sundays one sees the most drunkenness. Stroll on the river banks on any Sunday afternoon and you may see parties of men and women indulging in wanton carousals which too often end in broken bottles, broken heads, and the police court—*the deadly tipple of these Bacchanalians is methylated spirit,*" which can be bought when the "pubs" are closed and which produces "more violence and temporary madness than all the beer and whisky."

Here, in a small way, is the same story which we get on a larger scale from America. Nature driven out of doors with a bludgeon, sneaks in by the window, and when pushed back there, it slinks filthily down the chimney. Laws which violate a community's sense of personal rights inevitably tend to violation of Law. Free peoples may be persuaded by reason, as the Carlisle experiment shows, but they will not unresistingly endure compulsion.

Shaking Hands with a Ghost

by SYDNEY A. MOSELEY

(Author of "The Night Haunts of London," etc.)

SCIENTISTS throughout the world are in controversy over the vital question of Life after Death. The mystery of the Beyond remains unsolved, the claims of the Spiritualists being laughed away by the unbelievers. Is there no lamp in our pathway of darkness to guide us to Truth? Our contributor is investigating the question fully, and his weird experiences at a séance are graphically described below.

THE most important and the most absorbing question of the hour is undoubtedly: Do the Dead Live? Imagine what it means! Picture for a moment what it holds out to all of those who have lost some beloved. And realise, if you can, its significance in regard to religion, to our everyday actions, to life itself.

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle has said in JOHN BULL that there is no death, and that he has seen and spoken with those who have passed over. Sir Arthur is a leader in a growing school of believers. Those prominent men and women tell us that we are ignorant if we do not believe in what Spiritualism teaches. They point to some of the foremost names in the world, and they say: "Are these famous scientists, doctors, writers and philosophers all wrong? Have they *all* been misled and fooled?" A very important point.

On the other hand, there is equally a host of practical men who firmly deny that the dead can return. They say that the theory of Spiritualism is based on false premises, from which uncertain deductions are drawn. They claim that scientifically Spiritualism is fallacious, that many believers suffer from hallucinations, and that those who are not hysterical or insane are very likely to become so if they proceed with their dangerous form of pastime.

• • •

What is the truth? What is at the bottom of the most baffling question of the age? I cannot understand how the world of science or religion can rest content until this great problem, which strikes at the very root of our earthly existence, can be solved. It baffles me that representatives of every great body of men or women should not have sat in continual session until the problem was solved, one way or another.

Every other question pales into insignificance beside it. Whether there is life on Mars; whether insulin can cure diabetes—all these matters become trivial beside the greatest of all questions—Can we abolish Death?

If there is Life after what we call Death, or what we have been wont to call Death, then every man, woman and child must have a new aspect towards Life; the whole of the teachings must be revised. Atheists would have to give pause to their materialistic utterances and their defiant challenges. The fount of tears would dry up automatically. The sorrowing mother would rejoice to know that those whom she thought were lost to her for ever, still lived, were actually with her.

When I visited Sir Arthur Conan Doyle at his charming home in Crowborough, he pointed to several rows of books on a shelf in his study. "Those books," he said, "supply the answer to the sceptics—if they would only take the trouble to read them!" There were, in fact, many learned books on the subject, few of which were known outside the immediate circle of Spiritualists.

But did they answer the startling question of life after death? Whether they did or not, whether Sir Arthur and his disciples are right or wrong, there is no doubt that the question propounded by Spiritualism has reached such a point that there is no shelving it any longer. We must deal with it. It is absurd to go on groping in the dark when there may be a possibility of solving the difficulties of Life. It is like refusing to acknowledge a beacon light when you have lost your way.

• • •

And now let me tell of some of the strange and bewildering séances I have attended. Some have been frankly without results (Spiritualists tell you that you cannot order the spirits to attend séances at your will), but others have yielded astonishing incidents that require explanation.

One, in particular, stands out in my investigation and provides a complete test. If scientists or conjurers can explain it away, then Spiritualism to me stands branded as a fake—the greatest fake of the century; if on the other hand, disbelievers and sceptics can only repeat the old arguments that it was my imagination, or that it was a conjuring trick which is capable of being performed in any drawing-room, then Spiritualism to my mind is definitely proved, and the churches must take up the New Belief.

• • •

This is what happened: I sat in a darkened room with a well-known Spiritualistic medium and a company of friends. I had taken special precautions to seal the door. I also saw that the windows were carefully closed and that all possible exits were barred. Even conjurers would not permit the close examination of floors, doors, ceilings etc., which I carried out minutely before the circle sat and the lights were lowered.

True, the people who made up the company were all believers in Spiritualism except myself. I had made it perfectly clear to the medium and his friends that it was my sincere desire to make an independent investigation. I was biased neither one way nor the other. Now it is perfectly true also, that these people were out to convince me in the justice of their faith, but since none of them stood to be the gainer either if I became a convert or if I remained sceptical, I cannot see what reasons could exist for these good people to conspire together in order to deceive me.

• • •

Anyhow, with the medium securely tied to a chair and placed at the end of the room, I took up my position close to him, the lights were lowered, somebody began first a hymn and then a rollicking song that had no relation to religion. It was in fact one of the songs we used to sing on route marches!

Soon, however, the medium showed by his heavy breathing that he had fallen into a trance, or, as Spiritualists have it, that he was

Sir OLIVER LODGE, F.R.S., D.Sc., the eminent scientist who is also a supporter of the Spiritual movement.

"possessed." He now began to speak haltingly and then gradually; he found his spirit voice and went on to deliver one of the most eloquent addresses I have ever heard.

In private life this young man is retiring and reticent; certainly, he can make no pretence of fine speaking. In the trance, however, his crude speech became polished, his tongue golden, and his words beautiful. The address indeed was profoundly moving. Some of the ladies were moved to tears by his eloquence.

• • •

Yet somehow, however, although I had to acknowledge that there was something almost divine in what I had listened to, I remained in a state of what I might call semi-scepticism. Although on the one hand I was there as a guest, and had no reason to suspect the men and women who were my hosts, I was there to find things out and not to be influenced by golden tongued orations.

So I asked if the "preacher-spirit" who was using the medium in order to talk to us, would give me some *more definite* sign.

"Yes, if it will enable you to believe," was the answer. A gasp of expectation was heard all over the room; then a maddening silence. It seemed as if the room had suddenly become vacant; that I was the only one present. And yet in the tense atmosphere one felt that something strange was about to happen, that unearthly influences were afoot.

• • •

Something did happen. To my horror a gust of wind began to blow in my face. Since the room was absolutely stifling a few seconds previously, there being no fresh air, owing to the windows and doors being closely sealed, this seemed most uncanny.

But the next moment, a hand began to search for mine.

I lifted two fingers from my clasped hand in order to feel the spirit hand. I imagined that I should simply feel air. Spirits (or ghosts to use the word much disliked in spiritualistic circles) have no physical body. Therefore I believed what is commonly believed, that there could be nothing to catch hold of. To my astonishment and bewilderment, however, this hand was a very substantial organ. It seemed, at any rate in the dark, that it was even larger than a normal hand.

• • •

I now played an old trick of mine. Having got over the sensations which I always get, in much the same manner as experienced actors suffer from stage fright, I set about making a quiet experiment. I let the spirit hand go on touching mine while the medium made various appropriate comments, *and I kicked out in all directions.*

If it had been a crude conjuring trick; if the hand really belonged to the medium or an accomplice, it stood to reason that his body (incidentally his shins) must be in the neighbourhood of the "spirit" hand. So when I kicked out I did so with the utmost relish, saying to myself that if this were a trick being played on me, it would serve the perpetrators right.

But whereas my hand touched something half solid, half clammy, my heavily soled boots touched nothing.

"Is my friend convinced?" asked the "spirit."

"At any rate perplexed," I replied.

"Go on investigating, my friend," the spirit said, "and you will discover the truth."

• • •

The Truth! If one could only reach the truth in this greatest of mysteries!

Let us hope, at any rate, that we shall reach it in the course of the investigations I am now making for this journal.

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AND THE
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THE SENTENCE OF THE COURT

Titters for Titchfield

by HARRISON OWEN

WILLIAM ARTHUR HENRY CAVENDISH BENTINCK, Marquis of Titchfield, who was charged with conduct calculated to cause a breach of the peace, pleaded "Not guiltay, don't cherknow."

Mr. Watchdog, K.C., explained that the accused was the eldest son of the Duke of Portland and was also Conservative M.P. for Newark. The offence complained of was committed at the Collingham Show luncheon when the accused, in the course of a speech, announced: "The Labour Party believe the land was made for the people, but they forgot that the land was made for the landlord as well as the labourer. I believe that God in his great wisdom put the landlord there because of his great knowledge and his great wealth, that the land might bring forth its increase."

"I freely admit," proceeded Mr. Watchdog, "that it is difficult to take this oratorical landlordliness seriously; but it must be remembered that an unconscious humorist or a pious fraud is capable, no less than is a deliberate rogue, of provoking a breach of the peace, which an attempt at this time of day to uphold the divine right of landlords is eminently calculated to do.

"Apparently the accused labours under the delusion (which is about all the labouring he does do) that persons who are born wealthy are also born wise. He imagines that every child is destined to become either a wise and wealthy landlord or a poor and stupid tenant. Providence, he explains, arranges these things with remarkable foresight; so it is positively blasphemous for those belonging to the latter class to complain of their lot, however little it may be.

"Personally, I cannot believe that Providence made William Arthur, etc., etc. the heir to vast estates because of his great pre-natal wisdom, any more than I can accept the theory that it is because of the superiority of his intellect over those of comparatively poor men, like Shakespeare and Newton, that that distinguished polo-player, the Duke of Westminster, owns the great square east of Hyde Park Corner and acres of property in Pimlico and elsewhere. Unless they wish to render first aid to Bolshevism, unimportant persons of high swank and title should be content with a virtual monopoly of the earth and the riches thereof and should not also attempt to claim a monopoly of the world's wisdom."

MR. STRAWSPLITTER, for the defence, said that his client honestly believed that the vast estates which he would one day inherit were bestowed upon his family by a decree of high heaven; for landlords, like War Lords, were notoriously prone to imagine that they were in partnership with Providence. His client, who had acquired a foolish habit of talking through his father's coronet, used the words complained of in hot blue-blood; but he was really quite a harmless person who hadn't been birched since he left Eton.

The jury found the accused "guilty," with a recommendation to mercy on the ground that, owing to an accident of birth, he was not responsible for his actions.

"I am in thorough agreement with the verdict," remarked Mr. Justice Bull, "and am not inclined to regard the behaviour of prisoner too seriously. His speech suggests that Providence really intended him for a comedian. Little Tich could not be funnier than Little Titchfield; the main point of difference between them being that one favours boots too big for him and the other is too big for his boots. Another anomaly in prisoner's career is that he is M.P. for Newark, when his views are so much more suggestive of Noah's Ark. In the circumstances, I think justice will be done if prisoner is awarded three hearty British jeers and is laughed out of court."

The sentence was put into effect with enthusiasm by plebeians present.

THE PROMISES OF PARDOE

MR. GEOFFREY R. PARDOE is another of those generous individuals with a desire to help aspiring "Bullets" competitors to win fame and fortune.

In a circular emanating from 161a, Strand, London, Pardoe promises that in return for a fee of five shillings he will send you the "winning £2,000 *J.B.* Bullet."

This big-hearted philanthropist does not leave it at that, but offers, in the event of his promise *not* materialising, to provide competitors with entirely free postal orders, coupons and postage for future efforts until he wins that first prize!

Here, indeed, is "generosity" gone wild!

Pardoe does not claim to have supplied any of our winning "Bullets," but by a cunningly worded paragraph seeks to convey the impression that he was responsible for the line that won our last £2,000 prize.

Needless to say, this claim is quite without foundation. His whole circular, in fact, bears a striking resemblance to others we have recently exposed in these columns.

Equally futile is his endeavour to persuade the unwary that he has a subterranean influence with our judges and "powerful newspaper personalities"—whatever that may mean.

"From the documents to which I alone have access," he boasts, "I know that you have hitherto been an enthusiastic but quite unnecessarily disappointed competitor."

We have no hesitation in saying that, so far as "Bullets" are concerned, it is quite impossible for Pardoe—or any other member of his fraternity—to obtain information regarding our competitors.

And if you are one of these competitors, and have previously been "unnecessarily disappointed," you can rest assured that Pardoe's assistance (if you are foolish enough to make use of it) will not result in any material gain—except to Mr. Pardoe.

There is only one question that should be asked after reading the ridiculous statements of Pardoe.

Why, if he has such an influence with competition judges, as he claims, does he not concentrate his efforts on his own behalf, and retire with the spoils to some sylvan spot for the rest of his life?

Have nothing to do with him. The "Bullet" that wins our £2,000 or any other prize will win on its merits, regardless of any other consideration.

Printers' Pie

(Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Mark envelopes "Pie.")

"WOMAN'S WEEKLY":—"A little man IN A BIG OVERCOAT was waiting for him IN HIS DRESSING-GOWN."

"THE LADY" (advt.):—"For sale, EGGS, new-laid, NOT BUTTERED, 2s. 6d. a dozen."

"EVERY GIRL'S PAPER":—"She brushed her hand across the BACK OF HER MOUTH."

"WHITEHAVEN NEWS":—"About 10.30 p.m. she left to go UPSTAIRS to her bedroom, which was on the GROUND FLOOR, assisted by her grand-daughter."

"DUNDEE EVENING TELEGRAPH":—"These marks were ALL on the HIP, ONE above the left EYEBROW, ONE behind the LEFT EAR, and one on the left side of the back of the HEAD."

"LONDON EVENING NEWS":—"Entry was gained by forcing the door of No. 9, Queen Street, which has recently been taken by Lord Athlumney, but was UNOCCUPIED at the time. Mrs. Kirkpatrick, the OCCUPANT of the house, told the *Evening News* that she heard nothing."

"BIRMINGHAM EVENING DISPATCH"—"Although the war has been over nearly five years there are still many ex-officers and men of high qualifications in URGENT NEED of UNEMPLOYMENT."

"BIRMINGHAM GAZETTE":—"He contended that the poor of the Dudley Union were not as well CREATED as those of Wolverhampton."

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Here is a lovely Xmas gift—a monster Xmas Stocking, 24 inches long—crammed with British Toys. Think of the joy it will give to a child—the surprise and delight at finding this wonderful present on Xmas morning.

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4-oz. capsule - 12 Cube wrappers.
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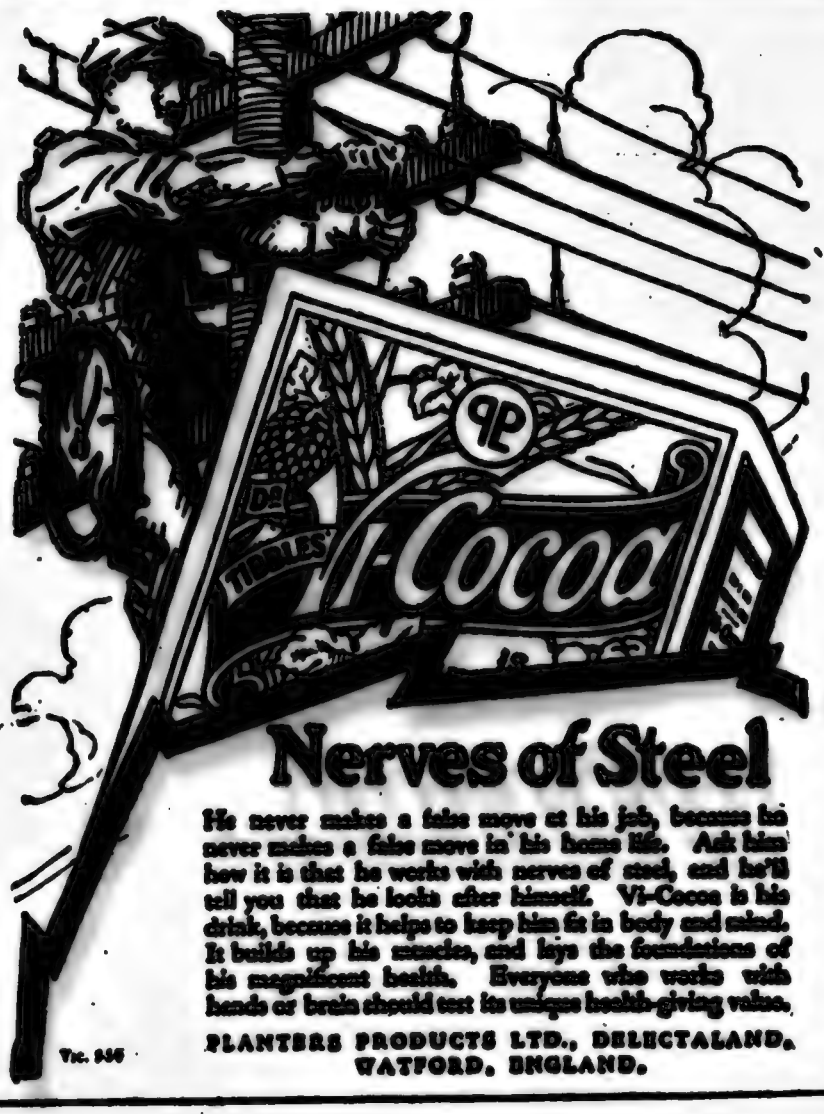

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He never makes a false move at his job, because he never makes a false move in his home life. Ask him how it is that he works with nerves of steel, and he'll tell you that he looks after himself. Vi-Cocoa is his drink, because it helps to keep him fit in body and mind. It builds up his muscles, and lays the foundations of his magnificent health. Everyone who works with hands or brain should test its unique health-giving value.

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The Scout's
Warning
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IN TIME!

"I can at least warn you that a fair price from a man who pays is better than 2,000 to 1 from firms whose telegraphic address should be 'Indemnity, Berlin.'"

—Daily Express.

Tattenham's 'nap'—

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Sports and by ROWLEY

I HAVE been examining American track charts, in other words the records of time and running of American horses. At first glance it would seem that the average American horse is faster than the average English horse, which, as Euclid says, is absurd. I can only draw one conclusion from a perusal of the charts and a comparison with the English running, and it is this:

In America, horses race under conditions which favour speed records, and, fit and well, Papyrus will beat the best that America can put in the field.

One of the Four.

I do not think he is the best horse in England—I have never held that opinion. But he is certainly one of the best four. And I do not believe that American form is within 10 pounds of ours. As to speed, compare any American track with any of ours, Epsom, with its amazing gradients (the horses have to climb half the height of the Monument from the starting post to the top of the hill, and they have to come down a little farther). Newmarket is switchback, Kempton has a sharp bend, Sandown is against the collar, and Doncaster, if fairly level, is dead galloping, and the speed depends largely on the weather.

Standard "Going."

American tracks are dead level, and the going is more or less standardised. It never holds in the sense that a clay-founded English track holds: it is never hard in the Ascot sense. Provided Papyrus has not lost his form, he will, I am certain, beat his opponent, whether it be Zev or My Own (which is, I believe, a brother of the famous Man o' War).

North Country Racing.

I was very sorry to see Ledson stood on foot, but the generally accepted idea that the Stewards of the Jockey Club are down on north country racing is silly. There is a lot about north country racing that is particularly and blatantly dishonest—you need not be told that. There is a lot about south country racing that is in the same case, you may say, but "down south" we offer plausible explanations for our inconsistent running.

Safe as Houses!

Welshing on the course is almost a bad memory. The Jockey Club has worked wonders in this direction. But the welshing in the "offices" continues merrily.

My Double.

We know just as much about the Cesarewitch as we did. After Beseema's win, I should imagine Ceylonese will harden in price. Will the favourite double come off for a change? My present idea of a good double is

Ceinturon and Poisoned Arrow

Duke of York's Handicap.

This race is interesting by reason of the fact that it is nearly the last of the really valuable handicaps—it is, in point of fact, worth less than the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire. The course is ideal for Poisoned Arrow, which, if missing this, will be my final selection for the Cambridgeshire. Soubriquet ran very well at Newbury, but has shown no return of her brilliant form of last year; Legality is a dog, and Pondoland or Evander appeal to me as being the best of the others. One for which I have the highest respect is Top Gallant. The brilliant speed of this three-year-old will make the track an ideal one for him, whilst of the remainder I like Port Royal and Chosroes. The going has stopped Archie Falcon's horse this year. We do not know how good Chosroes may be—I suggest him as the likeliest outsider.

Our Mass Selections.

Mass selection followers are out of their trouble. Ceinturon (100/8) and Mademoiselle M. (100/8) obliged on consecutive days at Newbury. Holy Friar, Ceinturon, Mademoiselle M. and Cabbage have obliged. *And Pondoland is a certain winner before the end of the season.*

NEWMARKET NOTES.

The Cesarewitch.

All our candidates are giving satisfaction, with the exception of Bellman, which, after doing a good gallop over the full course, pulled up leg weary. He has since been on walking exercise. Ceylonese has only to keep well to win. London Cry is sure to run well; the selected of Argo and Portlight will no doubt develop into a very genuine candidate. A very much improved animal is Montfort. I saw him gallop clean away from Triumph and Festina the other morning in a fast two-mile spin.

The Cambridgeshire.

I still think Town Guard is the better of Gilpin's pair. There is a big tip for Pharos; this horse is also entered for the Duke of York Stakes, and I am not sure which is his objective. Lighthouse is now going as well as ever he did, and more will be heard of him between now and the day of the race. If Verdict reproduces her best form I shall not think of looking elsewhere for the winner, but this is doubtful, and at the moment nothing appeals more strongly than Town Guard.

Duke of York Stakes.

Soubriquet is a certain runner and will want a lot of beating. It is not decided whether to run Top Gallant. St. Louis may go, also Holy Friar, for whom I have a strong liking. I should, however, prefer Soubriquet, and expect her to go very near to winning.

Stayers' Handicap, Gatwick.

This race may throw light on the Cesarewitch, as some of the horses entered in the big handicap may take their chance here, especially as the winner does not pick up a penalty. Revival or Rackway can do duty for R. Day, my preference being for the former. Perfectus is going particularly well just now, and he will win before the end of the season. If Montfort runs at this meeting he will win. Flammette may be started and cannot be ignored. She is thought to have an outside chance for the Cesarewitch, and this race would be a good public trial.

County Nursery Handicap.

Clear Dance may go close for this. Wayward c. has been galloped quite useful, and is such a good-looking youngster that it is certain the best has not been seen of him. The stable are confident he will win one of his many engagements in the near future. England Gate goes well, as does Wedding Day. Molly is quite useful over five furlongs and will probably bring off a nice coup: watch for this one. On this occasion I have most fancy for Sunny Joe, which I saw gallop in good style recently with L'Aiglon, Knight of the Garter and Carmel. He is very much fancied and carries my confident vote.

Coventry Handicap.

Mr. Joel has Evander and Holy Friar in this race; the latter is the better at even weights. Cistercian is doing good work and has a chance. Rosemead will be winning soon, and should be watched. If Holy Friar runs, he is practically certain to win.

Haydock Park Autumn Handicap.

If Irish Belfry runs, she must have a big chance despite her heavy impost. Welsh Spear is a good horse which will win a nice race before the season ends. A mile and a half is his best distance, and, whatever happens here, he will be well fancied for a race shortly, probably the November Handicap. Argo I prefer to Colossus, and Highbrow will probably be given preference over Spithead. Light Jester will be a danger to the best: he has made excellent progress recently. Melibeus is going as well now as in the spring, and has been striding out capitally with Eastern Monarch, Ellangowan and Sewing Machine. He is a winner over the course, and I think he will win, the greatest danger being Light Jester.

Haydock Park Newton Nursery.

Man at Arms has been going so well with Osmunda and Clear Dance that he will be very hard to beat. A nice type of colt is Indiscretion, which has been going in good style lately. In mentioning these two I am fairly confident I have named the winner.

HORSES TO NOTE.

Spaewife (2 yrs.).—Nine people out of ten who witnessed the race thought this filly had won at Newbury instead of being beaten a neck by Polizei. Anyway, she was unlucky to lose the verdict, a fact which may be worth bearing in mind.

Pillory (4 yrs.).—This horse was very much "expected" when beaten into third place at Edinburgh recently, and next time he is seen out in a "seller," the son of Polymelus may atone for that defeat.

Victorious (2 yrs.).—More easily identified, perhaps as the Saucy Girl filly, this youngster has been moving in such fine form at exercise lately as to be worth a special note. She is exceedingly likely to pick up a nursery.

THIS WEEK'S SELECTIONS.

GATWICK (Wednesday).
3.0 Revival (Perfectus, Mizzen Mast).
3.30 Billy Beck (The Yank, Foliac).
4.0 Abbey Island (Retaliate, Tibet).

GATWICK (Thursday).
3.0 Golden Bud (Jaunting Car).
4.25 Canterbury (Eclia, Red Crest).

KEMPTON PARK (Friday).
2.50 Alderney (Deflation, Wild Mint).
3.25 Mumtaz Mahal (Sanfovine).
4.0 Rock Fire.

KEMPTON PARK (Saturday).
2.50 Duke of York Stakes: Poisoned Arrow (Evander, Chosroes).
3.25 Glitter Gold (Purple Shade, Delnamin).
4.0 Well Shot (Meteoric, Bengal).

HAYDOCK (Friday).
2.50 Ballast.
3.20 Cherry Brook.

HAYDOCK (Saturday).
2.45 Light Jester.
3.15 Audlem.
Best Thing of the Week. AUDLEM (Saturday).

ONE WEEK'S WINNERS.

Inkerman	... ...	100-6
Ceinturon	... ...	100-8
Mademoiselle M.	... ...	100-8
Holy Friar	... ...	9-2
In addition to Cabbage		7-2

Please note:—The following are "John Bull's" Mass Selections until further notice:—

A.B.C.	Azimuth
Blaidhaonach	Bonne Race
Bowood	Cabbage
Canary Seed	Ceinturon
Chosroes	Culvert
Eaglehawk	Evander
First Magic	Flammette
Holy Friar	Inkerman
Jingu	Jarvie
Kelvin	Meteoric
Ozone	Pondoland
Poisoned Arrow	Rock Fire
Shri	

Sportsmen

MILE

ROWLEY MILESTONES.

Sooner or later, Condover will be heard of in connection with the autumn handicaps. This is a good horse.

• • •

Each being well on the day, it is intended that Vilna (Hulme) and Teresina (G. Smith) shall both represent Whatcombe in the Cesarewitch.

• • •

Several Cambridgeshire candidates, including, it is understood, Drake and My Lord, are likely to be seen in the field for the Select Stakes next week.

• • •

"What a game old horse!" exclaimed "Mickey" Beary as he rode Royal Hussar back to scale after winning at Newbury. The encomium was well deserved, for the distance was a shade beyond the horse's tether, and it was only by sheer grit that he avoided defeat.

• • •

Joe Canty had a narrow escape from a nasty accident at Newbury. He was standing in the saddling enclosure, dressed to ride A.B.C., when Ulula, who up to then had been as quiet as a sheep, suddenly lashed out, not once, but three or four times, and missed the Irish jockey by what looked like the fraction of an inch.

• • •

It is well-known that Canty is a versatile horseman, but it may be news to many that he holds an unique record, inasmuch as he can boast of having ridden the winner of a steeplechase, a hurdle race, and a flat race on the same afternoon.

• • •

The Ball Game.

BLACKBURN ROVERS in four home games have won them all and scored eleven goals against one. They do not seem to me to be good enough to keep this up, but Birmingham this week-end should not disturb the Rovers' record. Birmingham are good in parts but there is not enough balance in the team. Another club with some excellent home figures is Cardiff City and I cannot see the improved Chelsea team winning at Vivian Park, where visiting teams do not exactly get uproarous encouragement.

Liverpool, who are running into form, Aston Villa, Arsenal, Bolton Wanderers, Huddersfield, Sheffield United and the Spurs are now likely home winners in Division I. In fact Middlesbrough are the only side likely to get two away points. I shall expect West Ham to effect a draw at Newcastle.

Tips for Division II.

For many seasons now Barnsley have been amongst the best of the Second Division clubs, and they have lost very few points at Oakwell. They should be too good for Stockport County there this week-end. Derby County, Fulham, Leeds United and Manchester United, also ought to win their home matches. Southampton have not been doing their ability full justice. Once they do get going they should pick up a lot of points and they are good enough on top form to win at Bristol. Bury and Crystal Palace look good enough for away wins, and Blackpool v. Wednesday, Port Vale v. Stoke and Bradford City v. Leicester look probable draws.

Scottish Prospects.

Glasgow Rangers are again very powerful in the Scottish League and the Celtic have recovered from their bad start. The Airdrieonians, however, continue to attract most attention and they should strengthen their position by getting two home points from Morton. The Rangers will have much difficulty in beating Ayr United at Ibrox, and other probable home winners are:—Aberdeen, Motherwell, Queen's Park, Raith Rovers and St. Mirren. I shall look for away victories for the Celtic and Falkirk, and for a draw in the Clyde v. Clydebank match.

We Said So.

Everyone seems to have suddenly discovered Joe Bradford, as England's centre-forward. It was just twelve months ago that in these columns the claims of Bradford were first urged. The previous season I had spotted him as a lad of unlimited promise. All the same Bradford will have to come through stiffer trials than the one at Belfast in which he scored four goals. A friend who saw the match tells me the Irish defence was pretty rotten. However, Bradford's immediate success in representative football means further opportunities.

Then and Now.

Before this season Plymouth Argyle were a terribly hard side to beat at home. In fact only half-a-dozen goals were scored against them on their own ground by the 21 clubs who played there. There is no prospect of the same invincibility. This and something better is required if the Argyle have Second Division ambitions. Lost home points are seldom recovered elsewhere.

Long Odds.

Nobody can dispute that the 'Spurs are about the cleverest side in the country and I should like to know why the outside odds of 50 to 1 are being quoted against them winning the Cup. I have seen these figures on two lists and anyone would think the Spurs are not going to try! It would be different if the Londoners were not cup-fighters, but no club since the war has each season gone so far in the big knock-out competition. Take this price about them.

A London Lapse.

Queen's Park Rangers must be regretting their release of Chandler to Leicester City. He is leading the attack of the Midland team with a heap of dash and confidence and he scored half-a-dozen goals in the first month of the season. This is not the first time the Rangers have failed to recognise talent, since O'Brien was another case in point.

FORECASTS FOR OCT. 20.

ENGLISH LEAGUE—DIV. I.

Home Winners.

*Blackburn Rovers, *Bolton Wanderers *Cardiff City, *Liverpool, Middlesbrough, Sheffield United, Notts County.

Away Winners.

*Aston Villa, West Ham.

Draws.

Sunderland v. Spurs, *Birmingham v. Huddersfield.

ENGLISH LEAGUE—DIV. II.

Home Winners.

Blackpool, Clapton Orient, Hull City, Leicester, *Manchester United.

Away Winners.

*Fulham, *Bury, Leeds.

Draws.

Crystal Palace v. Bradford City, *Nelson v. Wednesday, *Southampton v. Derby.

THIRD DIVISION—NORTHERN.

Home Winners.

*Chesterfield, Durham, New Brighton, *Southport, *Tranmere, *Walsall, *Wigan, Wrexham.

Away Winners.

Accrington, Darlington.

Draws.

Bradford v. Wolver.

THIRD DIVISION—SOUTHERN.

Home Winners.

Aberdare, *Brighton, *Charlton, Northampton, Portsmouth, Southend, Swindon, *Watford.

Away Winners.

*Millwall.

Draws.

*Gillingham v. Newport, Plymouth v. Swansea.

SCOTTISH LEAGUE.

Home Winners.

*Celtic, Clydebank, Falkirk, Morton, *Motherwell, *Partick Thistle.

Away Winners.

Airdrieonians, *Rangers, *Aberdeen.

Draws.

*Ayr Utd. v. St. Mirren.

(Selections marked with an asterisk are good for coupon purposes.)

A "BRUM" STALWART.

Like Buchan, Barton, the Birmingham half-back, had to go to the provinces to get his ability recognised, and his present club quickly realised it. So did the English Selection Committee, for Barton got his cap when Grimsdell, Bromilow and Billy Watson were all in their prime.

Barton looks on soccer as a manly game. He does not throw his weight about, but he is forceful rather than polished, and he wants a lot of beating for the ball in a close tackle.

Perfectly sound in defence and a fine tactician, Barton, nevertheless, does not confine himself to a mere hold-up of the opposing forwards. He is not a great dribbler himself, but he can see an opening in a flash and with both sides of his boot he pushes along lovely passes just far enough in front of his forwards for the latter to pick the ball up in their stride.

I have seen Barton play many games, but never seen him play a poor one. Different from many class footballers, he maintains a level form which makes him a bigger asset to his club than ever.

This type, which is not numerous, does not always get the same publicity as the man who has one day on his game and two off it. In other words reporters take Barton for granted.

Cheap at the Price.

A lot of clubs are shrieking for efficient inside forwards and it is a wonder to me that some manager or another does not sign Jimmy Lindsay. The ex-Burnley man is still out of a job and the Lancashire club is asking only £500 for his transfer. A delightful schemer, Lindsay would be invaluable to any Second Division attack in which there is at present more brawn than brain. His old winger, Moscrop, once told me he never had a better partner. A "monkey" for Lindsay would be money well spent.

Our Left-Half.

With Bromilow at the veteran stages, Grimsdell gone slightly off and slowing up in pace and Tresadern too apt to wander to please a conventional Selection Committee, a new left-half-back has to be found for the English team. Meehan, the industrious little Chelsea player, has only to keep his present form to at least be considered, but I want to see Blackburn, of the Villa, get a show in at least one international. The ex-Hampstead forward has come on stones lately and few halves can hold the ball as he does.

Thanks to Us.

I told the Fulham management some weeks back that they could not hope for any success so long as they played two slow defenders on the left flank. I am glad to see they have realised it. The first time they made a change good results were obtained. Fulham will move up the table slowly after a bad September. Osborne is playing great football and Doyle is assimilating the English style.

Tip for Wales.

If the Welsh Selection Committee want a tip from me it is that they can already ear-mark the position of left half in the Welsh team for John. The Arsenal player got his cap last season—his first in big football—but he was nothing like the player then that he is now. It is a long time since I saw anyone develop to such an extent in such a short time, and the selectors need not incur any railway expenses in going to look at him.

BOXING.

The Beckett fiasco must surely have put an end once and for all to the ridiculous financial gambles disguised under the name of "boxing." Let us get back to the game for its own sake, and then Britain may perhaps regain supremacy in what is essentially her own sport.

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Our Letter Parliament

Love, Marriage—and After!

Our Readers Air Their Views on These and Other Subjects

Trifling with Love.

A flirt is sometimes capable of begetting a great affection and making a good wife; but, in the main, an expert at coquetry is hardly likely to make a success of matrimony. She has been too closely identified with befooling men, trifling with love, and playing with life to possess the requisite marital ideals. Her desire for scalps may not end when she receives a wedding ring.—*W. Banks, Small Heath.*

Joys and Sorrows.

"Ex-Mill Lass" asks, What is wrong with marriage? Married life is what one makes it. I've known my husband for 18 years, out of which I've been married eleven. I have had five children, three of whom are alive, which means I've had joys and sorrows. There has also been a small wage, which means a struggle to make ends meet; but through it all I always cultivated the spirit of kindness to my husband and children, whatever happened. Many a nagging wife has herself to blame if her husband's affections change. No man likes to be nagged.—*A Contented Wife, Aberdeen.*

The Bridge of Sighs.

"Knowledge of birth control is dangerously easy to obtain, and is abused by selfish people and the unmarried," said the Rev. T. F. Royds, at the Girton College Conference. And what he says is true. Recent revelations prove the knowledge to have been a grave encouragement to secret immorality. In cities it has produced a race of "good-time girls," a bishop has denounced as "amateur harlots." And the bridge to the ranks of the professional is easily crossed.—*C. D. E., Leeds.*

Our Future Mothers.

In view of the many instances of male teachers being found guilty of indecency to girls at schools, may I suggest that female teachers, who understand their sex more than the male, should be put in charge of girls' education? Mothers should also insist upon this being rigidly put into practice. Education to the schoolboy or girl is the first step of the ladder of citizenship, and to make worthy citizens their morals must be a sacred trust to their respective teachers.—*H. Jarvis, Wigan.*

Post-mortems for Il.

The recent suggestion from the medical profession that a post-mortem should be held upon everyone, on the grounds that diagnoses are so unreliable, is a startling one. The admission may be disquieting, but the suggestion is by no means ridiculous, for such a course would doubtless mean the acquisition of valuable knowledge to the medical profession, which would save future generations from untold suffering. There is no martyrdom, and humanity would derive incalculable benefit. Any suggestion which holds promise of progress in medical research should be welcomed.—*H. S., Oldham.*

If Scotland Goes Dry.

Prohibition in this country would, like America, only lead to hypocrisy, double-dealing and crimes. Take Scotland, for instance, with its mountains, glens and valleys. In every nook there would be an illicit distillery and it would take double the staff of Revenue Officials at present employed to watch and detect these distilleries. Besides, when the last influenza epidemic took place in this country, how many lives were saved by the use of whisky to keep the heart going? *Distiller, Argyllshire.*

Brief to the point letters not exceeding 100 words are invited; 5s. is paid for each letter published. Name and address essential, not necessarily for publication.

Yes, we have no Mussolinis!

I hold no brief for Mussolini or his methods, but one is sometimes forced to the conclusion that if we had a few men of action (who would get to work first and confer afterwards) in charge of various Ministries such as Labour, Housing, Health and Agriculture, it might be a better day for Britain.—*R. J. C., Holytown.*

Somebody Loves Him!

When I hear people talking disparagingly of Lloyd George, I just tell them what I think. He did not keep all his promises, I know, but he did good for the workers, and we have him to thank in a way for the sickness, maternity, and unemployment benefits. In years gone by, when a man was off work or sick, there was nothing but starvation staring him in the face. Now, when a man is off sick, or a woman becomes a mother, they have something to keep them in shelter, and bread and butter. Try to think of the good Lloyd George has done—not what he left undone. —*Mrs. Bella Thompson, Newcastle.*

The Housing Scandal.

Cannot something be done in the case of vacant houses which are offered for sale, and stand untenanted because the figure is so extortionately high? I can see, daily, at least a dozen houses which have remained vacant for months. Few average people can possibly raise the amount asked for them, and those who can, will not buy, for they do not think the speculation a wise one. Why not enforce landlords to "let" after the house has remained vacant and unsold for, say, six months.—*In Rooms, Sheffield.*

The Prohibition "Blessing."

Your correspondent "Cymro" asks: "Is Temperance conceivable without Prohibition?" The answer is decidedly in the affirmative. The Licensing Statistics for recent years prove this conclusively. Excessive drinking is fast declining. The effect of the improvement in education, and the betterment of conditions in general, will have the effect of inculcating the principles of self-respect and restraint in the coming generation. Prohibition has had the opposite effect in America. Even school officials are now complaining of drinking amongst students.—*A. W. Simons, Wood Green.*

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Work for the Disabled.

It is said that plans are being prepared to cope with a percentage of the unemployed by the making of new roads and repairing some of the others, but there is a difficulty which will take a lot of surmounting. Have we studied the physical condition of these men? It must not be supposed that any man returned from the war is as sound physically as he was prior to joining up. Thousands of our men served in the Eastern theatres of war, and many of these men contracted some kind of disease peculiar to the place they served in. Malaria was rampant. Does anyone really think that all these ex-soldiers are equal to such employment? — *C. T. Ayres, London.*

A Medical Superstition.

I do not think that any attempt is likely to be made to get the exemption clause of the Vaccination Act repealed. Sixty per cent. of parents object to vaccination, and the number steadily increases. This is a good working majority. But why do many of these people assist their enemy by purchasing those newspapers who are accessory to the conspiracy of the miscalled Ministry of Health? But for the financial interests involved, the medical profession would be taught to laugh at vaccination as the grotesque and filthy superstition it certainly is, just as they are taught now to bow down in wonder at the shrine of Jenner.—*R. L. Eagle, Sydenham, S.E.*

Cheap School Books.

In these days of high book prices, the secondary school system of book purchase introduced by an education authority of the North might well be copied throughout the country. A large supply of the books required by the scholars has been bought by the authority and these are let out yearly to the children on the payment of a moderate hiring fee of 4s. or so per child. These books are returnable, of course, at the close of the session. This inauguration has proved a great boon to parents with narrow means and large families, for the previous cost often rose to the extent of two or three pounds per individual.—*Victor Knowsley, Durham.*

Heroes of the Pits.

The recent pit disaster at Falkirk indicates the necessity of centralised action when such unfortunate happenings occur. Too much reliance is placed on voluntary assistance and on schemes of action which have not received the premeditation essential to effective working. There ought to be ample help rushed into the afflicted area and this should consist of the very best machinery and men the whole of Britain can supply. Even the most costly and cumbersome boring apparatus, no matter where situated, ought, if the most effectual, to be at the beck of some administrative central committee.—*Miner, Fifeshire.*

Playing Safe.

Many critics have been harshly criticising Liverpool Football Club's penchant for kicking into touch when a goal up. Your football contributor is also guilty of this. But whatever their failings are in this respect, one must admit Liverpool are a team of footballers. As a spectator of the recent Burnley versus Liverpool game, I must say they put up the cleanest game seen at Turf Moor this season. After all, they only employ the legitimate in their tactics, kicking into touch being quite fair play.—*Looker-On (Burnley).*

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Vita-Ore is a natural remedy, which cures by increasing the natural vitality of the system. Not only your aches and pains, or the chronic ailment that you supposed was incurable, your indigestion, your nervous debility, the early effects of advancing years are done away with, but you are better all over, too. Your mind works better. Your muscles are strengthened. Your vital powers are renewed. You feel younger, more vigorous. You are better looking—your skin and eyes are clearer. It is Nature working in you. Girls who are bloodless and anæmic—pale, easily tired, short of breath when going upstairs—derive the most wonderful benefits from Vita-Ore.

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HER HERO'S JUBILEE SIXPENCE

A Touching Tribute from a Bereaved Brother

OUR appeal for sixpences for "The Greatest of These—" Fund has already met with a very gratifying response. One of the most touching tributes we have received is contained in the following letter from a bereaved mother in whose heart our reference to jubilee sixpences awakened proud yet sorrowful memories of her only son who is sleeping in a soldier's grave "Somewhere in France." She writes:

"I am sending you a little gift for your War Sufferers' Fund in proud and grateful memory of my dear and only beloved son who made the supreme sacrifice for the honour of his country and laid down his life on the Somme in 1917.

"It will relieve a mother's aching heart of a little of the burden of sorrow which has weighed it down for the last six years if you will let me tell you about him.

"My boy was born in the jubilee year of Queen Victoria's reign, and your reference to the jubilee sixpences proudly worn on their first watch chains by schoolboys brought back a flood of memories of his childhood.

"He was a fair, curly-headed little man, and on his tenth birthday I gave him a silver watch and chain with a jubilee sixpence on it. I can still feel his little arms around my neck as he hugged me with delight . . .

"As he was an only child, perhaps I was a little inclined to spoil him, but all the love I lavished upon him was repaid a hundredfold by his devotion to me when I was left a widow in the year he came of age.

"He was already a credit to his profession when the war broke out, and it must have been a hard struggle for him to decide between his duty to his country and his devotion to his mother. Duty won, of course, but I feel faint now sometimes when I recall the pain in his eyes as he kissed me good-bye.

"I saw him several times when he was home on leave, his face each time more drawn with the agony of those terrible trenches and his anxiety for me. At last the blow came, and he was 'missing, believed killed.'

"I received his kit and belongings from France, but his body remains there, somewhere, though I don't know exactly where he is sleeping.

"Among the baby things that a bereaved mother cherishes I have his watch and chain with the jubilee sixpence. I cannot part with that, but I am sending you sixpence for each of the thirty years my boy was spared to me.

"I remember the Rev. R. J. Campbell saying that there was no more actual suffering during the war than before, but that the greatest agony the human heart can experience was felt by more people. This is a very great truth. In my sorrow I have found sympathy with other suffering souls, and so do what little I can to relieve their distress."

This bereaved mother has learnt a divine secret—that in binding up the wounds of others we heal our own.

"The Greatest of These—"

(Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to the Hon. Secretary, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.) Every penny that is subscribed to "The Greatest of These—" Fund goes to give help to the needy. All the expenses of administration are borne by JOHN BULL.

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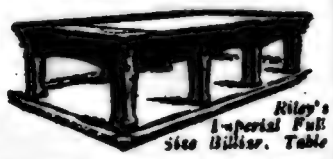

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BEFORE AFTER

Rarely deceived even the casual observer. He suggested that I try a formula that he had perfected after a considerable time which by a certain chemical action on the pigmentary colouring cells restored the hair to its natural colour. In reply to my enquiries he assured me that the formula was not only absolutely harmless but would develop a Strong and Beautiful Growth of Hair. My friend wrote out his prescription, which I had made up, and after following the instructions for a few days I was surprised and delighted to find my hair becoming richer and darker in tone. The re-colouring process continued until after some few weeks my hair actually once again possessed the natural shade of my girlish days. Since then I have been inundated with enquiries from friends and also persons unknown to me, who came to hear of this wonderful preparation. Having become convinced that I have found A Remedy of Extraordinary Merit, and which is quite harmless, I have resolved to offer it for sale, as I am certain from my own experience that it will prove an inestimable boon to any man or woman who finds Grey Hair to be the same serious handicap it was to me.

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P. R. (Belfast).—"Truly, liquor is the life of temperance." You're dead right.

A. B. (Sheffield).—"You know you are a cheery old spud." Thanks! old bean.

ARAB (Southport).—"Have you heard the story of the man who always had holes in his clothes?" It's moth eaten.

W. K. (Clapham).—"The simplest way to forget is to work." So long as you don't forget to work—good!

W. E. (Surbiton).—"Half the music published to-day is not worth hearing." You sound crochetty to us.

KATE (Croydon).—"I daresay even you find life a struggle." We do, especially when getting on 'buses.

MAMMA (Chiswick).—"When do you think a boy should be put into trousers?" We suggest the first thing in the morning.

JACK (Grimsby).—"A strange man called at my father's house and actually stole the brass handle of the door." It looks like "one for his knob."

CISSIE (Hackney).—"My husband works on the 'buses and is wonderfully quick at collecting the fares." What you would term a lightning conductor.

HORACE (Tooting).—"I think some of your bills are very smart." Yes, and so are some of those we get from our tailor.

N. B. (Manchester).—"I have no sympathy whatever with the so-called bottom dog. He deserves none." Then we've a bone to pick with you.

H. E. W. (Wolverhampton).—"The West-End of London is mainly peopled at night by human reptiles." Great snakes!

WREN (Huddersfield).—"I like to see a man that can eat a good hearty meal three times a day." And there's usually a good deal of that kind of man to see.

J. G. (Didsbury).—"The people don't realise what fencing costs the farmer." Possibly that's because they're so much more interested in boxing.

E. C. (Brighton).—"Soldiers and sailors in addition to board and lodging are getting more than a married man in private life." And the discipline is *almost* as severe.

T. T. N. (Merton).—"Only the other day I read of an actress who boasted that she smoked 50 cigarettes a day." Never mind! Most actresses like a puff occasionally.

G. C. (Bloomsbury).—"Is it not high time that something was done to stop street singing after 10 o'clock at night?" After 10 o'clock at night people who sing in the street usually do so because the spirit's in them.

T. B. (Whitby).—"The truth will out." And a lot of it comes out on Wednesdays when we appear.

W. C. S. (Lower Edmonton).—"Hurrah for the mothers of men." And one little cheer for the Dads.

D. E. (Grimsby).—"After a week or two one gets quite used to wearing a beard." It grows on you, so to speak.

B. T. (Dewsbury).—"Save the farthings, it is wonderful how they mount up." Shush! they're four a penny.

P. P. (Morley).—"If you wanted me to, I could write columns about money." A few notes will do us nicely, thanks!

A. W. A. (Harrow).—"To begin with, what is the world coming to?" To finish with—the end.

M. R. C. (Buxton).—"There's nothing in the papers these days." No, sir, nothing but news.

G. L. S. (Dartford).—"Farmers are losing all round." Consequently they can't possibly get out all square.

A. J. K. (Leeds).—"To grill a steak is to spoil good food. Bake it in the oven with a cocktail dressing." Sounds like *stewed* steak to us!

R. T. G. (Rotherham).—"Personally, I am very keen on draughts." We're not. They always give us a beastly cold in the head.

W. K. (Watford).—"Star gazing won't get a young man anywhere." No, sir! He certainly won't find things looking up.

R. T. V. (Selkirk).—"It's the man who has to fight for his living that earns the least." What about Carp. or Beckett?

G. H. T. (Hatfield).—"What is there for the sporting man who hasn't a long purse to do in November?" What about Guy Fawkes hunting?

T. W. G. (Lewisham).—"The house to house canvasser isn't exactly welcomed with open arms." Still he gets there step by step.

S. R. (Hampstead).—"Even the humblest boot-black may, at heart, be a gentleman." He usually has some polish about him anyhow.

J. B. (Poole).—"I cannot understand why you advocate building houses to house people for whom there is no work." Building would give employment to many of them.

LETTERS must be addressed to the Editor. No fee is charged in respect of inquiries. Full name and address should be given—not necessarily for publication.

G. E. (Ashford).—"Two heads are better than one." As the barber said.

SIR. (Brentleton).—"My wife is never satisfied with the wages I give her." And they say that women don't count!

E. L. (Bethnal Green).—"I have never before heard of sixpence for a small lemon." No wonder you got the pip.

W. P. T. (Eltham).—"Most men are pretty well impossible." So long as they're pretty well, why worry?

H. R. C. (Lowestoft).—"Cigarettes are no good whatever to the seasoned pipe smoker." Have a cigar!

A. K. (Birmingham).—"With the proper training, I honestly believe I would have a chance of winning a boxing championship." Well! there's a knock out.

Mrs. B. R. (Leicester).—"New bread doesn't go so far, and so bakers prefer selling it stale." Then there's more dough in it.

W. R. J. (Clapham).—"I saw a black man eyeing a white girl, and the girl smiled at him." Perhaps she was too well bred to laugh outright.

A. P. (Liverpool).—"I expect you will conveniently forget to answer this letter." Just as you *inconveniently* forgot to append your address.

W. K. (Watford).—"Can't we have a page every week in JOHN BULL about boxing?" Want us to turn J.B. into a scrap book, don't you?

H. M. (Finchley).—"In the last few years I have seen only two or three plays that would rouse even a smile." The smile that won't come often.

H. R. L. (York).—"I find *Bullets* has improved my vocabulary." If you win the £2,000 next week it will improve your bank account.

Mrs. J. (Byker).—"My daughter is courting a young man who persists in standing on the doorstep until quite late, saying good-night. What can I do?" Ask him in!

PRIZE MONEY (Plymouth).—The surname initials on which naval prize money is now being paid out are:—A, B, C, E, F, G, L, M, N, O, S, and T. Apply A. G. Navy, Cornwall House, Stamford Street, S.E.

J. B. (Belfast).—"Like a great many more people I can't make out why the country stands for the methods of officialdom." Perhaps its because officialdom doesn't do very much to make them sit up.

R. P. S. (Sutton).—"Your article 'Is Life Worth Living' is one of the sort that gets home." You read it in the train, no doubt, and said, "I mustn't lose it. This article will get right home, the family must peruse it." Musical rights reserved.

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J.B. 13.10.23

W. S. (Catford).—"I am very fond of the pictures." On the other hand, we smoke a pipe.

W. T. (Bulwell).—"I made my Christmas puddings months ago." How stirring!

H. L. O. (Westgate).—"There is music everywhere in music to me." Clearly you've been taking the air.

DICKY (Cheshire).—"I could write you a real live article on prohibition." Afraid we'd find it too dry.

A. B. N. (Hatfield).—"To be good is to be dull." Doesn't apply—particularly to the weather.

PHARAOH (Ely).—"Your issue of this date is very interesting" And our issue of *this* date is ever so much more so.

W. R. B. (Byker).—"Fools still believe that it is possible to get something for nothing." But the wise think otherwise.

W. F. (Canewdon).—"There are thousands of plots for sale all over Essex." Good! Musical comedy and revue authors please note.

LEX TERRAE (Currie).—"The law is not the 'hass' so often as is the official administrator." Still they're both in the same stable.

K. A. J. (Hornsey).—"Why shouldn't the young girl have her flutter just the same as the young man?" Flutters for flappers doesn't appeal to us.

A. McL. (Holywood).—"Let all the family go for their holidays together." That means a char-a-banc for our little bunch.

A. R. D. (Wanstead).—"Quite often excellent business ideas come to me while I am asleep." Hope you don't forget them when you wake.

B. M. (Bristol).—"Some people are foolish enough to believe everything they see in print." Depends entirely on *where* they see it in print.

L. T. K. (Clacton-on-Sea).—"There is trouble brewing throughout the whole civilised world." This being October there are other things brewing as well.

W. V. (Bexhill).—"I have lost eight pounds in the last three weeks." We lost a tenner ourselves in one day over the St. Leger.

J. B. (Surrey).—"One of my horses seems to be able to read my mind. It starts and stops before I tell it to." It goes without saying, so to speak.

LIVE AND LET LIVE (Hulme).—"The police don't shift war monuments, why should they shift the living ones?" And so often the living ones are left to shift for themselves.

P. J. S. (Walthamstow).—"Compositors have always been known as the aristocrats of working men." Yes, sir! And you'll find all kinds of types among them.

S. P. (Salvington).—"Now that the cold weather has started, we may take it that, as usual, coal will go up and down." Up in price and down in the cellar.

PUZZLED (Nottingham).—"Does the unemployed man want work, or is he satisfied to continue to draw the dole?" Unfortunately the most of them have little choice these days.

T. A. M. (Parkhead).—"Whenever I notice sawdust on a shop floor, I feel like going elsewhere for my purchases." But you must be reasonable! You don't expect a Brussels carpet to walk on where you buy your sprouts, do you?

T. C. (Wickford).—"The travelling auctioneers who visit the market towns, take jolly good care to have a fighting man with them." No doubt that's to help them to knock down the prices.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

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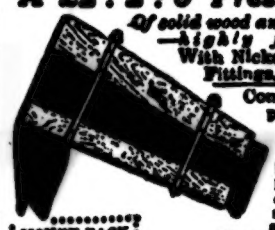
Send for our Bargain Catalogue of Shirts and Overalls. It's a real money saver.

J. W. QUERREY & CO., Dept. G, 9, John St., Thomas St., Manchester.

A £2:2:0 Press for 6/6

Of solid wood and metal—highly finished With Nickel-Plated Fittings, 6/3 p.f.



Compact, lightweight, packs in suit case. Built to last years.

SAVE MONEY. DRESS WELL. Keep your trousers creased and pressed to make them last longer and to give them that "just-from-the-tailor" look!

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE. If not delighted full postage and cost refunded, upon return in good condition. Send for list of other lines.

The COOPER "Kit"

Unlike any other press. Two thumb screws and patent grip give even pressure and knife-edge crease. Send for this extraordinary bargain. The COOPER COLLAPSIBLE BOX CO. Ltd. (Dept 263), Gaumont Wks., Hull.

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Reduced from 20/- to Ladies' or Gents' **16/9** Fawn or Navy

Post free.

DOUBLE texture coat Rubberlined. D.B. Trench with belt. Straps on cuff. Vertical pockets. Seams-through buttons. Unsewn and waterproof. White collar. D.B. lapels. Raglan sleeve. A really good value coat fit for any "John Bull" reader to wear.

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Beware of inferior imitations. Money back if dissatisfied.

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Incandescent Gas Light

With Common Paraffin.

Safe & Simple, Just use a Match.

Beats Gas or Electric.

7 Days' Trial FREE.

Complete Lamp **30/-**

Send no Money. Write for Catalogue.

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DIRECT FROM FACTORY.

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To introduce this new line, a leading manufacturer offers millions of full-size, high-grade Virginia cigarettes at the astounding direct-to-smoker price of 3/- per thousand. These cigarettes are double quality, yet cheaper than the cheapest you can obtain locally—if not satisfied, your money will be refunded.

For a limited time, a sample box of one hundred cigarettes will be sent post free for **3/6**

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Phone: Maryland 1022.

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NO RUBBING
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RUBBER LINED RAINCOATS

(LADIES' OR GENT'S.)

Khaki or Navy Raincoats of exceptional value, smart and beautifully made with Storm Collar, Sleeve Tabs, and Arm Ventilation.

Gent's sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 chest.

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Play for Dances in 2hrs.

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Home Model	Concert Model	Bows from
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Personal tuition given at our London Address.

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The finest selection of beautiful ready-made FURS in London to choose from. Every article of GUARANTEED QUALITY however low the price paid. *Inspection cordially invited, or write for New Illustrated Catalogue.*

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A WINTER COAT FOR 7/6

This elegant coat of ALL WOOL VELOUR with fancy cuff collar in colourings of brown, grey, in fashionable herringbone and whipcord effects, lined throughout with fancy sateen. Warm interlining. Sizes 34 to 44 bust. Length 36 to 40 ins. Sleeve length 19 ins. Value 25/-. Our price 7/6.

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Send on receipt of first payment; satisfaction guaranteed or money returned. All garments made to measure. When ordering state length, bust and sleeve length.

LEACH & HARDY
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THE GREAT AMERICAN DIRIGIBLE.

A new fascinating toy airship. Performs like a big one. Keeps the children amused for hours. Valuable prize offer. Special Price per 1 oz. **1/-**

Six dirigibles sent for 5/-

36 in. long x 8 in. Diam.

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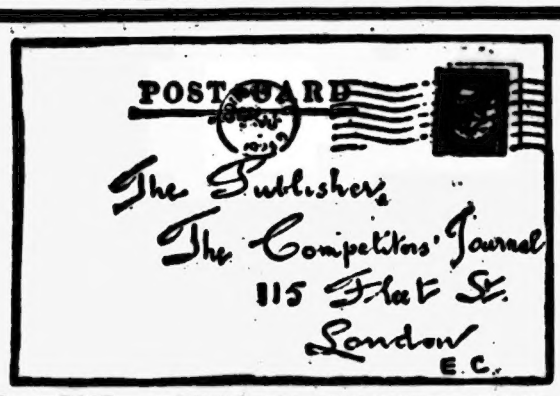
POST TO-DAY



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£2,000 "BULLETS" CONTEST?

YOU HAVE A WILLING ASSISTANT IN THE

COMPETITORS' JOURNAL

2d. Every Saturday. Of all Newsagents and Bookstalls.

ADDRESS A P.C. as above, with your name and address, and a copy will be sent you FREE and POST PAID. DO IT NOW!

The "Competitors' Journal," described by JOHN BULL as "an unique paper," has been the guide, philosopher and friend to competitors for over 10 years. Its pages are packed with advice, hints and counsel which the serious-minded competitor must have. "I would rather go without my breakfast than miss my C.J.," wrote a reader the other day—and this is what you will say when you have read it. You can do this at once by sending a post-card to the publisher for a free copy. Then go to your newsagent and place an order for it to be delivered every week. The current issue contains special articles and hints on the great £2,000 contest, details of which appear on the page opposite. Don't say "I'll send to-morrow"—you may forget. Do it now!

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For all Diseased Skin Surfaces

Germolene has brought comfort, solace and healing to hundreds of sufferers who had not known rest from skin torture for years. Read the following remarkable statement.

(Miss Kathleen Leslie)

Mrs. Leslie, of 12, High Street, Cheadle, writes:—"Germolene has effected a wonderful cure in the case of my daughter, aged 13 years. Late last August her ankle and foot became covered with a pimply rash, which was very irritable, and she scratched the parts until they were a mass of inflamed sores. I tried all kinds of treatment but nothing did any good. Then I decided to try Germolene. After the first dressing the inflammation and irritation seemed less, and after three weeks' treatment only the scars remained. When I tell you that several of my friends thought the child would lose her foot, you will perhaps understand how thankful I am."

SOOTHES AT A TOUCH!

Germolene is matchless as a remedy for

Eczema	Piles	Skin Eruptions	Pimples
Psoriasis	Itching	Cuts and Burns	Chapped Hands
Rashes	Ulcers	Ringworm	Chilblains

and all cut, bruised, itching, or ulcerated surfaces.

Prices 1s. 3d. and 3s. per tin. From Chemists and Stores everywhere.

Germolene
The Aseptic Skin Dressing

Result of "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 497.

FIRST PRIZE OF £1,000:
MR. W. J. SMITH,
68, Louise Road, Northampton.
Example:—SIMPLE SOUL
Bullet:—MINUTE LATE, HEAVY-WEIGHT CONTEST.

SECOND PRIZE OF £100:
MR. J. GEO.
Signalman, L.N.E. Rly., Ashington, Northumberland
Example:—WICKED
Bullet:—OVERCROWDING—IF IT'S ANIMALS;

THIRD PRIZE OF £50:
MRS. PULLMAN,
62, Mill Street, Leominster.
Example:—WICKED
Bullet:—WOMAN—MAN MERELY NAUGHTY.
(Sent in on "Target" Prize Coupon.)

10 Prizes of £5 each:

MISS E. L. REID, c/o Mackenzie H.L.I. Colinton, Edinburgh.
NEW ROAD—TO PREMIERSHIPS, HEADING REVOLTS.
W. BOLTON, 11, Marsden Hall Road, Nelson.
LEAGUE OF NATIONS—"BUTTON" ON INTERNATIONAL "RAPIER."
A. HEWITT, Cleveland House, Sutton-on-Hull.
ON THE MOVE—CIVILISATION—DESTINATION NOT KNOWN.
V. BROOKFIELD, 38, Spring Road, Nornacot, Stoke-on-Trent.
ON THE MOVE—"SUBMERGED WRECK" BECOMES MENACE.
A. PALMER, c/o "Wulfrana," Abbey Road, Port Talbot.
NEW ROAD—BALLOONS REPLACING MILESTONES SOON.
F. A. MILES, 88, High Street, Witney, Oxon.
WICKED—KILLING ITALIANS—NOT GREEKS.
E. SIGSTON, 3, Jubilee Terrace, Leeds.
UNWANTED BABY—TOO OFTEN "PASSES ON."
W. CORNER, Junr., 40, Ash Grove, Wavertree, Liverpool.
MAKING US LAUGH—FORD—TILL OWNING ONE.
(Sent in on "Target" Prize Coupon.)
G. A. SHERRATT, 20, Llwynypia Road, Llwynypia, Glam.
MY CAR—THE NEIGHBOURHOOD'S "CURTAIN RAISER."
H. CRANDON, 7, John Street, Highbridge, Somerset.
IN A WHISPER—ONCE—NEWSPAPER DISCUSSION NOW.

10 Prizes of £2 10s. each:

H. G. OAKLEY, 30, High Street, Alton, Hants.
FINISHED WITH—AGAIN, MISUNDERSTANDINGS WITH FRANCE.
J. HARRISON, 93, Addison Street, Blackburn.
BALDWIN'S TASK—TURNING "COCKPIT" INTO "DOVECOT."
J. P. REYNOLDS, 19, Bellemoor Road, Shirley, Southampton.
MAKING US LAUGH—PRESS BROADCASTING PRINCE'S INCOGNITO.
Mrs. E. GREENALL, 2, Wellfield, Leyland, Nr. Preston.
ON THE MOVE—MOUNTAINS, WHERE ENTHUSIASM REIGNS.
J. W. JENNISON, 48, Greenhead Lane, Dalton, Huddersfield.
FOOLISH ANSWER—TO MUSSOLINI—"YOU CAN'T!"
C. J. HARRIS, 41, Westbury Street, Swansea.
LATEST SENSATION—REVOLUTION "UNDER ROYAL PATRONAGE."
(Sent in on "Target" Prize Coupon.)
Mrs. M. SHARP, 22, Manley Road, Oldham, Lancs.
BREAKING POINT—ONCE DECIDED LABOUR'S HOURS
N. ALLMAN, Elton House, Ladybarn Lane, Fallowfield, Manchester.
MOST DELIGHTFUL—SOUR GRAPES—WHEN TALLER.
Mrs. LAMBERT, 30, Kilwick Street, W. Hartlepool.
NOT WORTH MUCH—"AND FULL LONDON COMPANY."
H. FRANKLIN, 7, Manfield Road, Northampton.
NOBODY'S DARLING—BUT NOBODY'S FOOL, AMERICA.

SELECTION OF EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" COMPETITION No. 501.

OUR EMPIRE	DAZZLING
STICKING TO GUNS	MY REWARD
A FEW WORDS	LATE AGAIN
SLOWING DOWN	BACK TO THE LAND
FARMING	COMING AND GOING
BENEATH CONTEMPT	LETTING THEM OFF
HARD HIT	ON MY OWN
FRIENDS AGAIN	TO BE SURE
PRESENT OUTLOOK	MY CHILD
FALLING FAST	WISE

These Examples can be made use of on the Coupons on page 31, and must reach us on or before **THURSDAY, NOV. 1.** All Coupons so used **MUST** be marked clearly with the number **501** in the top left-hand corner, and envelopes containing these Coupons must be addressed "Bullets" No. **501**, JOHN BULL, Long Acre, London, W.C. 2. Such Coupons must not contain any of the Examples for Competition No. **503.**

SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—
Cheques for £10, £5, £2, and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the Winners of the four chief "Bullets" Prizes in Competition No. 500 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

100 Prize-winners of £1:

Alexander, R., 123, Cavendish Bldgs., Holborn, W.C.
Appleton, C., 11, Duke St., Northampton.
Atcherley, J., Rugeley Rd., Chase Terr., Nr. Walsall.
Baldwin, F., 69, Burlington St., Ashton-u-Lyne.
Barker L., 2, William St., Sunfields, Stanningley, Leeds.
Barron, A., 20, Amberley St., Sunderland.
Bishop, W. H., 134, Lansdowne Rd., Seven Kings.
Bolam, H., 42, Stanley St., Norton-on-Tees.
Bowles, G., 321, Gladstone St., Peterborough.
Branch, W., 17, Daws Lane, Mill Hill, N.W.
Brown, E., 15, Bernard St., Nottingham.
Brown, F., 90, Hamilton St., Birkenhead.
Brown, R. N., Chapel House, Llangynwyd, Bridgend.
Butler, J. J., 26, Wordsworth St., Hove.
Carr, H., 2, Narlors Bldgs., Newfield, Newcastle.
Carr, Miss J., 36, Wilson Rd., Hunters Bar, Sheffield.
Cattanach, A. B., 28, Priory Rd., Milford Haven.
Cavers, Miss M., 5, Harold Rd., Leytonstone, E.
Chappell, A., 16, Alma Place, Penzance.
Cherry, Miss R. W., 45, High Street, Barnet.
Clarke, H., 3, Church St., Wombwell, Yorks.
Collins, F., Eastgate House, Eastgate, Peterborough.
Cooper, H. R., 43, Montgomery Rd., Acton Green, W.
Coupe, J., 60, Kittlingbourne, Higher Walton, Preston.
Crocker, Miss I. L., 2, High Lanes, Hayle, Cornwall.
Davies, H. T., 13, Hannah St., Porth, Rhondda.
Dawson, J. W., 4, Kirklington Place, Beeston Hill, Leeds.
Day, Miss G., 8, Richmond Rd., Blackpool.
Dias, Mrs. G., 4, Tuxford Rd., Lindfield, Sussex.
Edwards, W., Apley Castle, Wellington, Salop.
Fell, A., Silver Terrace, Yeadon, Nr. Leeds.
Ferguson, N., 23, Thomson Av., Johnstone, N.B.
Fox, Miss A., 11, Henry St., Springwood, Huddersfield
French, H., 24, Coquet Terr., Heaton, Newcastle.
Fry, Miss G. M., 23, Spear Rd., Southampton.
Garden, J., 36, North St., Fraserburgh.
Gill, C., 4, Whitehouse St., Aberdeen.
Gillett, Mrs. A., 29, The Crescent, Chorley, Lancs.
Glover, Mrs. M., 68, St. Chad's Av., Portsmouth.
Goodwin, P., 3, Clyffe Av., Welling, Kent.
Gorton, P., Stubshaw Cross Co-op. Branch 1, Bryngates, Nr. Wigan.
Grant, Tg21, Dunlop St., Renfrew.
Greenwood, P., 27, Roby Mill, Upholland, Lancs.
Griffiths, G., 2, Bungalows Cardely, Tonyrefail, Glam.
Gunn, G., 41, Henton Rd., Leicester.
Harper, H., 49, Plymouth St, C-on-M, Manchester
Harper, T., 90, Duncairn Gardens, Belfast.
Hartley, Mrs. E., 61, Newchurch Rd., Rawtenstall
Hindle, J., c.o L.M. & S. Rly. Station, Bolton.
Iles, Mrs., 120, Seymour Rd., Gloucester.
James, Mrs. M., 27, Elm Rd., Hollins, Oldham.
Johnson, J. E., 58, High St., Llanbravach, Cardiff.
Jones, H., 28, Cleave Rd., Selly Oak, Birmingham.
Keating, J. H., 98, Ashton Rd. East, Failsworth.
Lace, R. H., 19, Parkfield Drive, Wallasey.
Last, S. J., 36, York Rd., Ipswich.
Layton, A., 30, Old Penyard, Merthyr Tydvil.
Langford, W. C., 20, Montrose Av., Redland, Bristol.
Leach, A., 19, Townfields, Liverpool Rd., Ashton-in-Makerfield.
Mead, W., Hare and Hounds, Stoughton, near Emsworth.
Medlen, L., 21, Albert Terrace, Laira, Plymouth.
Milne, W., 8, Blackfriars St., Montrose.
Mountford, Miss M. J., 13, Cross St., Chesterton, Staffs.
Oliver, J., 45, Ringmer Av., Fulham, S.W.
Orchardson, Mrs., 65, Moorside Rd., Heaton Moor, Stockport.
Owen, Mrs. M., 30, Market St., Hoylake, Cheshire.
Palmer, R., 27, Blake St., Ilkeston, Derby.
Payne, O. H., 46, Buckthorne Rd., Crofton Pk., S.E.
Riley, C., 22, Park St., Salford, Manchester.
Roberts, Mrs. E., 78, Gerrard St., Liverpool.
Ross, A., 28, Bedford St., Edinburgh.
Russell, J. E., 173, Leh Road, Wolverhampton.
Saul, C. W., 7, Aqueduct St., Burnley.
Scott, F., 178, Warwick Rd., Carlisle.
Shepherdson, Mrs., 86, Upper Villiers St., Wolverhampton.
Simmons, F. R., 26, Mary St., Walsall.
Small, H. M., 122, Seymour St., Euston, N.W.
Smith, H., Mount Pleasant, Blidworth, Mansfield.
Spickernell, Mrs., Rodwell House, Weymouth.
Stanford, H. L., 43, Wheaton Rd., Clarence Pk., Bournemouth.
Stapleton, W. F., Fernlea, Gander Green Lane, Sutton, Surrey.
Stevenson, E., Moorlands, Paignton, Devon.
Strickland, C., 64, Cedars Rd., Stratford, E.
Thomas, G., 7, Waverley Rd., Plumstead, Kent.
Todd, Miss A., 1, Romore Rd., North Kensington.
Topsie, P., 37, Duke St., Birkenhead.
Tryer, G., 12, Potters Lane, Wednesbury, Staffs.
Walker, H., Broad Lane, Whoberley, near Coventry.
Wardale, A. R., 125, Arlington Rd., Camden Town.
Watkins, W. G., Myrtle Cott., Manorbier, Pembrokeshire.
Webber, Miss F., 26a, Ivor St., Maesteg, Glam.
Whipham, C., 9, Finsbury Grove, Hull.
White, Mrs. A., 4, Charles St., Hillingdon Heath, Uxbridge.
Williams, Miss, 6, Spring St., Cannock, Stafford.
Wilson, J. H., 35, Aston Rd., Raynes Park, S.W.
Wilson, M., 36, Newbiggin St., Grove, York.
Wood, F. W., 2, Joseph St., Derby.
Wood, J. W., 12, Paston Place, Brighton.
Woodhouse, G. A., 4, April Cottn., Church Path, Clewer, Windsor, Berks.
Woolgar, Mrs., 94, Tixall Rd., Stafford.

List of Five-Shilling Prize-winners in "Bullets" Competition No. 497 will be published in next week's "Competitors' Journal." Complete List of all Cash and other Prize-winners can be seen at the Offices of "JOHN BULL."

THE "JOHN BULL" ADVERTISEMENT GUARANTEE.

We guarantee the goods advertised by every firm whose trade announcement appears in JOHN BULL. If any reader can show just cause for dissatisfaction with the purchase of any goods made through any trade advertisements in our columns we will refund the purchase-money, provided the goods complained of are sent to us within one week from the date of original purchase, if sent to us within one month from the date of this issue.

Bullets No. 500! RECORD OFFER!

£2,000 FIRST PRIZE

HOW TO MAKE "BULLETS"
NO LETTER RESTRICTIONS.

Choose any of the *Examples* printed; then give any Two, Three or Four words having some bearing on the *Example* chosen, EACH of which can begin with any letter in the alphabet. These specimens will guide you: *Example*:—A MOCKERY *Bullet*:—HOUSELESS BRICKLAYER DRAWING DOLE. *Example*:—SURE THING *Bullet*:—"WINDFALL" SAVES "CLIMBING TREE." *Example*:—YOUNG MAN'S FANCY *Bullet*:—IF PRINCE WEARS IT. The entry fee for one coupon is 6d. If sending more than one, enclose a postal order at the rate of 6d. for each coupon used.

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what is the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best "Bullet" received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. "Bullets" must be plainly written on one of the coupons, and only two attempts may be written on each coupon.

3. All four coupons may be used and a postal order enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of, which must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

4. All coupons arriving too late to be judged with absolute thoroughness will be duly returned.

5. The Editor undertakes that every "Bullet" received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

6. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects, and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Result of Competition No. 497 will be found on opposite page

2nd. £500 Prize

3rd. £200 Prize

4th. £100 Prize

5th Prize £90	6th Prize £80	7th Prize £70
8th Prize £60	9th Prize £50	10th Prize £25
5 PRIZES OF £10	10 PRIZES OF £5	100 PRIZES OF £1
200 PRIZES OF 5/-	1,000 PRIZES OF 2/6	5,000 TARGET PRIZES

ADDRESS ALL COUPONS TO "Bullets" No. 500, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" NO. 500.

WHERE ENGLAND STANDS
WITH PLEASURE
HOW IT HAPPENED
WHAT THE WORLD NEEDS
AT PRESENT
BEFORE THE DAWN
THE PRINCE
AT THE DANCE
IN LOVE
ONCE
EAST AND WEST
KEEPING HOUSE
IN THE MELTING-POT
PLAYING
DANGEROUS DRIVING
WHAT GRANDPA SAYS
NICE IDEA
NOT IN SIGHT
A STRANGER
UNCOMFORTABLE
TO LET
ALWAYS WITH US
CHARLIE CHAPLIN
IN THE WRONG
FIGHTING MEN
CHANGING
WHEN NOBODY'S LOOKING
A BOOMERANG
MY TROUBLE
UNDER A CLOUD
WHEN YOUNG
MARRIED
OUTSIDE THE RING
LITTLE HEAVEN
WHAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN
PRETTY MAID
BETTER OR WORSE
IN THE FURNACE
NO BABY
OUR CHOICE

Closing Date, Thursday, Oct. 18.

Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____

(500) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.

Signed _____
Address _____

Closing Date, Thursday, Oct. 18.

Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____

(500) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.

Signed _____
Address _____

☞ If you desire to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

Closing Date, Thursday, Oct. 18.

Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____

(500) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.

Signed _____
Address _____

Closing Date, Thursday, Oct. 18.

Example _____
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____

(500) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on this page. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.

Signed _____
Address _____

Where have you been since school?

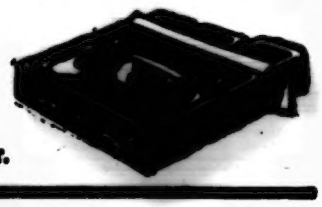
A HEALTHY boy is not generally fond of his own company, and when he's late home from school, depend upon it, he has been in the company of other boys. One boy among the crowd, though apparently well, may be a germ carrier. The game itself may have been played on the unhealthiest spot in the neighbourhood. The risk of infection must be overcome straightaway. To-morrow may be too late. Let your boy enjoy a thorough wash and sure protection with Lifebuoy Soap immediately he comes in.

Lifebuoy Soap is an ideal toilet soap, both from a mother's and a boy's point of view. A boy thoroughly enjoys its fresh, invigorating lather, and mother knows by its clean, antiseptic odour, that a proven disinfectant is combined with the emollient properties of Lifebuoy Soap.

LIFEBUOY SOAP

LIFEBUOY SOAP IS BRIMFUL OF HEALTH.

The name LEVER *on Soap is a Guarantee of Purity and Excellence.*



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WHEN SO MANY BRITISH DOCTORS ARE SATISFIED WITH CICFA YOU CAN CONFIDENTLY BEGIN TAKING IT AT ONCE.

Cicfa, by supplying the Natural Digestive Ferments, ensures the digestion of all the Albuminous food in the Stomach and all the Starchy food in the Bowel. When CICFA is taken there is immediate improvement in Stomach Digestion; thus gases, which so often cause pressure and pain felt near the heart, are no longer formed, while that feeling of fullness and sense of weight at the "pit of the Stomach," when Bowel Digestion is beginning, rapidly grows less; Flatulence and Acidity decrease; "Starch Balls" are no longer formed, so that all the contents of the Bowel are digested, the nourishment is absorbed into the system and the refuse naturally expelled.

INDIGESTION SYMPTOMS

GASES in STOMACH with eructations.
Sharp Neuralgic HEADACHES.
ACID in Stomach with HEARTBURN.
TONGUE coated white all over.
COMPLEXION blotchy, with redness of Nose.
EATING disliked. Some Nausea.
PAINS darting through Chest. **Burning Spot** behind left Shoulder Blade.

In Stomach | In Bowel

GASES in BOWEL or Flatulence.
Dull, Heavy HEADACHES.
ACIDITY causing Gout and Rheumatism.
TONGUE coated yellow at back.
COMPLEXION muddy or pasty.
EATING disliked or loathed. **Biliousness** and bad taste in mouth.
PAINS in Bowel, Griping and CONSTIPATION

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THE CICFA CO., 8, Duke St., Manchester Sq., London, W.1.

John Bull 13/10/23.

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